

VIII-4

THE OPTICIST



SEASON NUMBER

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THE OPTIMIST

JANUARY, NINETEEN TWENTY

When we look into the long avenue of the future and see the good there is for each one of us to do, we realize after all what a beautiful thing it is to work, and to live, and be happy.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

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The passing years, South Side, shall see
No waning of our loyalty,
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II.

For thou hast felt our deepest joys,
Hast known our gravest fears,
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III.

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We tune our homage pay,
We know thy spirit ling'ring near
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NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.

Established 1912

THE OPTIMIST

SOUTH SIDE HIGH SCHOOL

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

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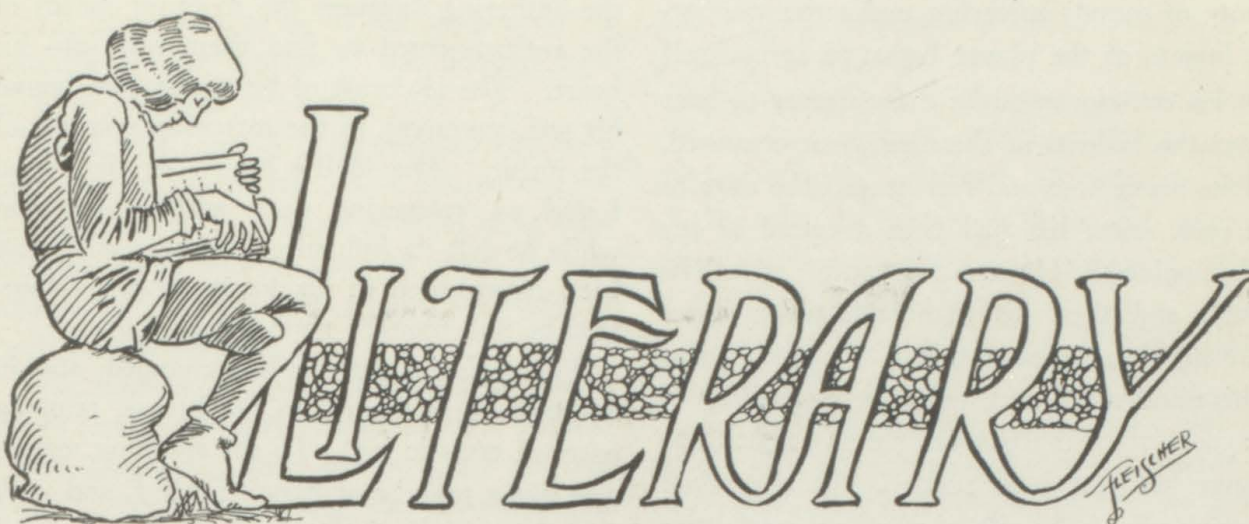
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The Twilight Waltz

By Evelyn McWhood.

THE soft, dreamy strains of a waltz floated out on the clear air of evening, the melody rising and falling in rhythmic loveliness of sound. The player was a girl, her face full of the joyousness of carefree youth, but in her eyes a light, a something not akin to joy—a look of Things Beyond, as if she felt for the moment the pulse of greater, richer power than that of youth. The music cast a spell that seemed to blot out the rosy comfort of the firelit room, that seemed to transport her to another sphere where all was radiant whiteness. Under her gliding fingers the rippling notes took on a lingering plaintive tone.

Out in the street hurried feet sped homeward. Thru the darkening twilight hour scores of workers passed. Some walked with brisk expectancy. They were returning to their homely firesides after the day's labor. The thought of loved ones waiting there spurred them onto joyous haste. To these the haunting strain of music wafted on the breeze car-

ried no sadness, and caused only a momentary slackening of pace, that they might better hear the beauty of the tone. But some there were who passed but slowly, their lagging footsteps telling not of joyful hope and thought of happy family life, but rather of listless despair, the bleak outcome of dreams unrealized and hopes long dead. Of these some were too deep in thought to hear the fragrant sweetness of the melody.

But one, slowly pacing by, head bent in gloomy meditation, face drawn and white with suffering, paused on his way and listened. Lines of bitter disappointment, tinged with the hopelessness of regret had traced an indelible cloud of sadness on his features. And as he raised his head to catch the strains of music, there was in his eyes the look of a man at bay, the helpless, haunted look that shows surrender to the overwhelming odds of life. He was ready to give up the joyless struggle for existence. For a moment he stood motionless, listening to the song. Then, as the transient



beauty of sound, quivering under the wandering fingers of the player began to force itself into his consciousness, he drew nearer to hear better the fullness of the message it conveyed. As the music rose and fell he saw the days of the past, when life had been a round of joy and happiness. He saw his youth and all its gaiety, and then his manhood, when hopes were high and dreams things of reality. But as his mind went on, tracing the happenings of the years, the pictures were not so bright. The change had not been sudden, but a gradual wearing off of the gilt of youthful confidence until the hard steel of reality, cold and unbending lay open to view. With the dashing of his hopes went unfulfilled dreams. His goal lost to sight, the incentive to fight—to struggle on, was drowned in despair until it seemed useless to try. And now as he stood alone in

the gathering darkness the soothing chords of the waltz seemed to find their way into his heart. The icy crust of bitterness that bound his soul gave way to the softening warmth of the music. The idyllic beauty of the sound found an answering note within him, and while he felt its influence, he knew what had been reawakened in his heart—it was Hope, that he had thought gone forever!

The plaintive melody had changed, and in its stead there floated on the breeze, tripping notes of ecstatic joy. To the listening man it was like a promise of hope's reward, and with a glad cry, full of the overpowering vigor of renewed life, he turned and vanished into the night.

The notes of the waltz died into silence. Within the girl rose from the piano. In her eyes was youth, but the look of Things Beyond was gone.

Who Wins?

I“IMPOSSIBLE,” repeated Mr. Donalds, as he sat leaning against the arm of his easy chair indulging in argument with his persistent daughter.

“I do wish you would stop using that horrid word and listen to reason. Because Edith hated it does that indicate that other girls with very little money are incapable of having a good time at boarding school?” demanded pretty Diana, for to be sure she did look pretty in her green evening gown of tulle.

“Exactly,” declared Mr. Donalds. “It has yet to be proven to me that anyone not able to spend money on the frivolities of the age can endure the life of a fashionable girls’ boarding school. As Edith’s legal guardian, her life there has caused me a great deal of worryment, I don’t think anyone capable of doing what Edith could not.”

“Is that a wager?” questioned Diana. “Oh, but of course, you do mean everything you say. I’ll take that dare. Let me be the one to prove to you that boarding school is not a most undemocratic place.”

“My, how serious my daughter is!” laughed Mr. Donalds, but feared for impulsiveness on the part of Diana.

“Don’t take back your words just because I’m to be concerned,” insisted Diana. “I’ll pretend to be this poor girl, register at the boarding school, and prove to you that boarding school is just as democratic as any other institution.”

Now, when Diana got a notion determined Diana would carry it to a conclusion. Everyone knew this, and so did Mr. Donalds. Argument, therefore, would be of no avail, Diana was going, and what was more, Mr. Donalds would have to make the best of the situation.

The next morning found Diana alert and busy. She had no time for breakfast and if it had not been for her father’s insistence, she would not have had any luncheon. Diana was too occupied choosing her wardrobe.

No, she could not take any evening gown, not even her much admired pink, for to be sure,



her life there was to be of the simplest. To reconcile herself, however, she had to take her blue serge and her satin.

It was Mr. Donalds who escorted Diana to the train that afternoon. Poor optimistic Dad certainly looked far from his usual self; even resolute Diana felt the least bit ready to surrender, but she did not allow her mind to dwell on this thought.

The journey to Mrs. Sander's Boarding School was not a very strenuous one, nor did it give Diana any time for thought. It was about seven-thirty when she beheld Mrs. Sanders, who ordered a maid to lead her to her room, which of course had been arranged before hand. This dingy room Diana could not but immediately contrast to her own at home; but no, she would not contrast, for to be sure there was to be a great deal more in store for her. Nevertheless being in such a gloomy room was enough to discourage anyone.

It was at the supper table that Diana met for the first time the rest of the girls. They looked like a pretty good lot. She was sure everything would turn out well. Why did they all look at her? She was wearing her serge and this was one of her best. It was not at her clothes, but what then? She was a new comer and oh, well, people must stare at new faces.

The supper progressed favorably when Sallie suggested the rink. This must assuredly receive a unanimous vote, for what girl does not indulge in skating?

Just as Diana was about soliloquize, "I wonder what's coming next," Sallie Vencon arose with "Oh, but surely Miss Donalds, you're coming along?"

"Gracious! Is this where it's going to begin?" thought Diana, but said: "Thanks very much, I'd really love to go, but you see my things must be put into place, and besides I don't think I have the strength to skate after such a tiring journey."

This excuse was accepted as well as others in following days. It was this same Sallie

who a month later insisted that Diana had to go to the Hallowe'en dance.

"But Sallie, I simply cannot go."

"Any reason?" asked Sallie. "You may as well be frank, you know. Haven't you even one evening dress? You know the girls all think that the reason, and anyone of us would be willing to lend you one."

How kind they all were, and oh! how Diana hated such tenderness.

She admitted she had no dress for the occasion, nor did she care to wear a borrowed one. Diana insisted that she had Latin prose to do and surely prose was of more importance than the dance. Diana's bet with her father wouldn't, in honor, permit a borrowed gown, and she had to find some way out.

Excuses, excuses. Life for Diana was just one excuse after another. Would she despair so soon? No, certainly not. "But I do wish I could attend the affair."

Diana managed to escape into her room without being observed by the others. She flung herself on the bed and began to think, she was almost struggling to keep back the tears.

"Oh, Peggy, you do look too cute."

"Why, Jackie, pink is so becoming!"

"Doesn't Jane look adorable," came from across the corridor.

"I do wish they'd leave. I wonder whether Jack's going to be there," mused Diana.

Jack was Sallie's brother, whom our little pretender had met a few weeks earlier. Many times had Diana wondered whether Jack had noticed how often she wore her plaited skirt. But now she wouldn't think of such things; that was not in the wager. Anyway, Jack was going to be one of the supper guests tomorrow. You see, Diana was in every thing but a prose mood.

At breakfast the next morning Diana appeared in her blue serge, her dinner gown till now. She was going to wear her satin for the first time that evening. As if one night of agony was not enough for Diana, all the events of the night before were here related.



"We're so sorry you couldn't be there," began Peggy Blake.

"The novelties were so original!" exclaimed Sallie.

"And you should have seen the favors," piped in Antonette Gray.

"Won't classes ever begin today?" burst out Diana, unable to tolerate the strain any longer.

Diana did look pretty that evening gowned in her plain blue satin. But was it the rose on her waist or Jack at her side that seemed to accentuate the color in her cheeks? What mattered that? Diana did look satisfied. Everything was laughter, fun and frolic, and Diana felt that this was a wonderful night for her. Her joy, however, was short-lived, when the stupid maid passed the soup. Oh! why had it to be just on Diana's dress? Our little lady was for an instant too stunned to speak. What restored her senses was Peggy's voice, which could be heard from the other end of the table.

"And that's Diana's best dress!" and of course every one joined in the chorus. Then came Jack's voice.

"I do feel sorry, Diana. It was so pretty, too."

Sympathy! Sympathy! Oh, how she despised that word! But sympathy even from Jack. That was too much. Tonight she would end it all.

Diana rushed to her room, too angry even to cry, but thought, nevertheless, that Dad was always right. The telephone was the first thing Diana made for.

"Western Union, please," when she heard someone at her own door bell shouting, "Telegram! Telegram!"

Diana for an instant forgot the excitement of the evening, rushed out, tore open the envelope, and beheld:

"You win. Come home. Awfully lonesome alone."
DAD.

The Young Editors

(By Our Own Daisy Ashford.)

Chapter I.—Quite a Young Boy.

Mr. Osteena was a very skolerly teacher who was fond of asking people to work for him. Mr. Osteena had light short hair and glasses and a run. He had a gray suit, but on some days he had another kind and he carried a black bag as he thought it more becoming.

One day Mr. Osteena asked quite a young boy of 18 to work for him. His name was R. Bernard Nolan and he was not very tall with fairish hair and nice legs. Hullo Mr. Osteena said he. What do you want.

I want you to get an Optomist said he, you must have some people to help you added he. Ask Frances Cauffacue who is a lady pritty in the face.

Well yes I will replied R. Bernard and he left the room with a very superior walk but-toning his coat as he went. I expect you would like to help us run an Optomist said he to Frances Cauffacue commonly called Miss C.

Well yes I should said Frances egerly.

Chapter II.—Starting Gaily.

This is quite a large job, said R. Bernard. We mite get some more people to help. So we mite said Frances throwing him a speaking look. Mr. Osteena was growing a little peevish, but all of a sudden he had a good idea. I'll tell you, said he I will arsk the earl to help me who is my friend. What a good idea cried Frances and she thought what nice people she was working with. So I will leave my chapter.

Chapter III.—Mr. Osteena's Plan.

Mr. Osteena woke up rather early the next morning and remembered his good ideas of the night before. When he entered the school he said to the Earl of Chestersham that he was wanted to help run an Optomist, and I think you are just the one to do it, added he.

Well, I think so myself, replied the Earl, blushing rather red.



Well, now go to it, said Mr. Osteena and do it and do it right, said he to Frances who had come in.

O yes, I expect I shall, said the Earl with a sigh.

I always do, said Frances in a snappy tone. Thank you muttered she.

Not at all, said Mr. Osteena. I have enjoyed my help which has been short and sweet so far. Here I will end my chapter.

Chapter IV.—A Hard Life.

Well, Frances, said R. Bernard Nolan, I am going to ask a friend of mine to be on the personal department.

O yes please do said Frances with a dainty blow at her nose. So Bernard disappeared into the madding crowd and presently returned with a middle aged boy called Lord Leo. Frances turned a dull yellow.

Lord Leo she said in a faint voice how did you come to be here?

I am going to be on the Optimist, so there.

I don't care said huffy Frances. I'm your boss.

Nothing could be nicer I'm sure struck in Lord Leo. Doubtless it will be charming said he, wanting peace. And I hope you will enjoy yourself. You have been looking rather pale of late and he left the room casting a glance behind.

Chapter V.—An Agonizing Call.

Just then another girl came into Room 103 and cried out Frances why have you turned against me. Why am I not on the personal department.

But I didn't want you Esther responded Frances.

Well you might if you had me said Esther. I think not replied Frances.

This is agony, cried Esther clutching hold of a desk. My life will be sour grapes and ashes if I am not on the personal board.

Be brave whispered Frances in a sepulchral tone. I will put you on the school news board.

Well half a loaf is better than no bread at all responded Esther in a gloomy voice.

Just then the Earl of Chestersham returned with a very brisk lady called Lady Gay Helena who said in a rather tart voice So this is the school news editor.

Yes and you are the literary editor said Esther rather still.

Chestersham was wiping the foaming dew from his forehead but Mr. Osteena came in and said some rather witty things to enliven the party. Then they oozed forth into the hallway.

Chapter VI.—How it ended.

Then the young editors had a most ex-crushing time. They asked Lord Frank and Lady Helen who promised to make them a darling Optimist cover when ready. And there were a lot of other people too all peevish.

Frances one day said to the Earl of Kolodin what do you want to do on the Optimist.

I don't care said he. At this acknowledgement Frances fainted. Mr. Osteena poured water on her and she revived.

Well said R. Bernard we shall make you chairman of a feature board.

I want some ladies to help me said the Earl of Kolodin I am partial to ladies I suppose it is my nature. So he had to sickly ladies to help him.

Then there were some more editors and all got excited and Mr. Osteent dashed madly around and after a long while they got an Optimist.

Shut In

By Helen A. Young.

IT was a cold, bleak, room and a tiny meagre looking room at that. A room that looked as if it had never had a good meal, much less ever seen one. The whole atmosphere seemed to have a pinched look, and the

little face pressed close to the cold window-pane, looked the most pinched of all. The face belonged to a poor, pitiful little body that was as crooked and as twisted as the knarled branch of a tree.



THE OPTIMIST



"God, dear God," the blue lips were whispering, "I'm not so very hungry. I'm not asking for something to eat, and I know I'll never walk, but let me have just this, just this once. Oh, God, weren't you ever young yourself, and didn't you ever want to see the trees and skies and hear the birds a chirpin', and smell the flowers an—an it's awful hard to be just a Shut In." The pleading voice fell into muffled silence.

Out in the green country! Who's been there? Then you know the joy and glorious gladness of it all. Great wide stretches of green hills, and there the dip of a shady valley, lighted perhaps by the silver gleam of a little brook. The soft sweeps and whirls of scented wind that wraps your face and tugs at your hair.

Two little bunches of brown fur sat teetering and tantering on a limb of a tree that swayed and swayed in the green country. Mr. and Mrs. Fuzzy-Tips were tremendously excited, and they chattered and chattered, and in his great agitation Mr. Fuzzy-Tip most fell to the ground below. This was the reason for all the excitement: The Evening Breeze had just brought to Mr. Fuzzy-Tip a letter from the Master declaring that a Shut-In was to visit the Green Country. Mr. Fuzzy and his wife were to be host and hostess. All this was the cause of excitement in the Fuzzy-Tip home—third floor, the Oak Leaf Apartments.

"Dear me, Fuzzy, dear," said Madame Fuzzy-Tip, all of a quiver, "what a predicament I'm in. A visitor this afternoon and the spring cleaning not done yet. And the acorns to can. Well, we'll have to make the best of it, that's all," and she stopped for breath. "Great nuts and little oak trees, what's that," and in her fright Mrs. Fuzzy-Tip dropped her comb. "What is that?"

"That"—was the glad cry of Shut-In. Shut-In who now was in the Green Country. There he was right beneath the Fuzzy-Tip's home, sprawling in the cool shade of the great oaks, the soft green grass clutched in his little hot

hands, the sweet, moist earth between his bare toes.

"Don't be frightened, dear Mr. Fuzzy-wuzzy," he called with another glad cry, "it's only me, little Shut-In, the Master sent me to see the Green Country."

"You're very welcome, dear," said Madame, "won't you have some lunch? You certainly must be hungry or thirsty after your long trip."

So there, under the cool shade of the oaks Shut-In ate his lunch of acorn cakes covered with honey gathered by the fairies from the dew cups of the rose and lily and drank long drinks of honeysuckle wine, and as he ate and drank Shut-In lost his crooked shape. He grew tinier and tinier—so tiny that Mr. and Mrs. Squirrel seemed like giants to him. And wonders of wonders, bright gauzy wings, all the colors of the rainbow, floated out from his shoulders. With a glad shout Shut-In (but shut in no longer) leaped into the air and was off to explore Green Country, the place where the Little Folks live.

He flew for many, many miles to Flower Land, which lay spread out beneath him in great splashes of color—the gay music of the love bells floated up to his eager ears and drew him by invisible hands to the center of a fairy ring.

Day had changed to night, the great round moon was coming up from the east. The black lake nearby sighed softly in harmony with the glad notes of the Woodland Orchestra as the gaily dressed troop of fairies danced in the moon's golden path that stretched across the bare space of soft forest floor. Suddenly, Shut-In found himself one of the mystic band and light as air, he danced, joyfully, gloriously free, swaying in the moonlight that turns men's veins to madness, drinking in the stirring beauty of colors, sights and sounds and still he danced on and on, one of the fairy throng dancing till a smooth circle was worn on the forest carpet, dancing till the slender beams of the dawn came stealing into the woods.

Continued on Page 78.



An Unwilling Heroine

By Alfred Zusi.

"YOU really ought to drop him," said Alice. "Everyone but yourself knows he is not your friend."

"But Gil is a good friend," protested Jim. "I've known him for two years."

"He doesn't show it," replied Alice. "He has worked against you in both the class elections and the football team."

"Oh, that was fair rivalry."

"It was decidedly unfair on his part," returned the young lady. "He used every means possible to defeat you. I don't think you should associate with him. He's a sneak."

"Well, I guess I'm old enough to pick my own friends," retorted Jim, who was rather touchy on this point, because it had been brought up before.

"Alright," snapped Alice, "choose for yourself." And with a hurried "Goodnight," she ran up the steps and into the house.

Jim Clarke gazed after her resentfully. The quarrel had originated over Gilbert Van Duyne, who was declared by many of Jim's acquaintances to be injuring Jim as much as possible under the guise of friendship. In his loyalty Jim defended Gil, and still believed him a firm friend. And now he had quarreled with Alice and the next day she would leave for a tour of the Southwest by automobile, accompanied by her father!

Suddenly he made his way back to the college, from which he was to graduate in a few days.

After graduation Jim returned to his home in New York where he prepared for a visit at the home of Jack Chase, a college chum of his, who lived on a large farm in southern Kansas. About a week after his graduation, he was safely ensconced in the home of his friend.

A few days passed pleasantly in hunting and fishing, for the farm was situated in a rather undeveloped region, and natural conditions prevailed. Frequently on these trips they came upon actors of a moving-picture

company, which was established for the time in the nearest town and was operating in that section.

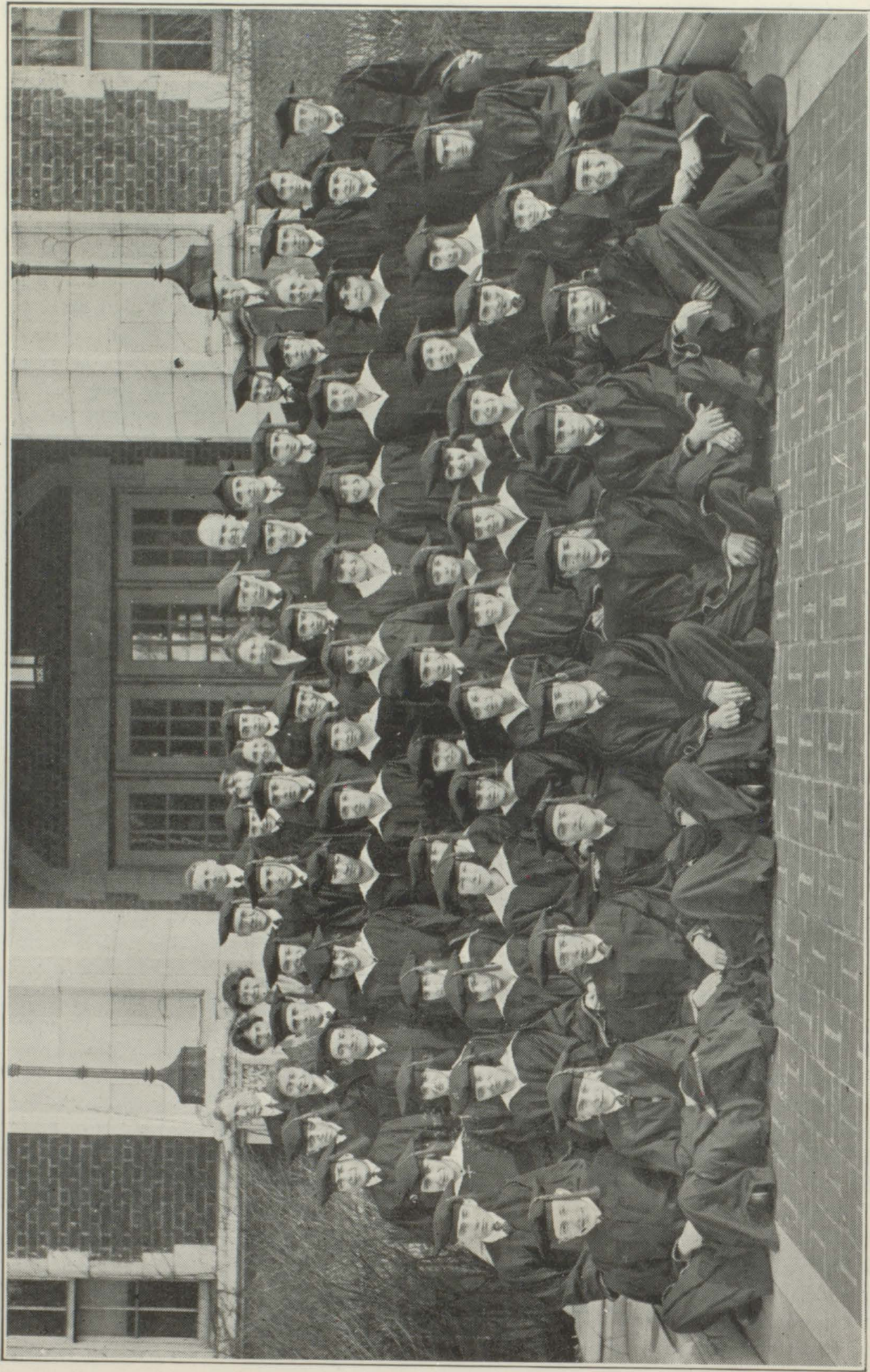
One afternoon the two chums were returning from a fishing trip to a pond in the neighborhood. They had taken a path thru the woods that led to the road from the pond, and were just about to emerge from the woods when they saw a strange drama being enacted before them. An automobile stood by the side of the road, and bound to its side were a man and a young lady of about twenty. A cloth gag had been placed in the mouth of each, and they were unable to utter a sound. A masked ruffian with a heavy beard was busily engaged in searching the baggage, which had been lashed to the side of the car, and was extracting the valuable articles.

Jim sprang forward impulsively, but Jack, looking around, had observed a camera clicking merrily in the hands of the operator. Before Jack could call out, Jim had reached the car, and taking the masked one by surprise, had borne him to the ground.

Jack could not help but smile. Here was his friend rescuing the heroine of a movie "thriller." The humor of the situation striking him, he hung back to watch the struggle, which was progressing favorably for the supposed defender of the law, as he was a powerful athlete. But now a new figure appeared upon the scene. Deserting his camera, the operator rushed to the fray, and dealt Jim a heavy blow with a short club he had picked up. The tide of battle turned under this onslaught, and Jim was being roughly handled, when Jack, roused to action by the uncalled-for assault on the part of the camera man, effectively brought into play the heavy butt of his steel fishing rod. The two strangers were unpleasantly surprised by this new element in the contest, and took flight, seeking refuge in the woods.

Alice Payne and her father, for these were

Continued on Page 82.



CLASS PICTURES.



Senior Editor, Alfred Zusi.

With the rapid approach of the time of our departure, our thoughts turn back to the past, and with mingled emotions we reflect upon our four years at South Side. The dominant note of this meditation is a feeling of intense satisfaction, of triumph that we have successfully completed the prescribed course. Opposed to this, a wave of deep regret sweeps over us as we recall the happiness and the enjoyable friendships resulting from our school ties; associations which are now, for the most part, recollections of the past.

We are proud to be graduates of South Side; proud to have been trained in an institution which has gained such an enviable record in the few short years of its existence, and we will strive our utmost to promote and strengthen this reputation in the minds of those with whom we come in contact in later life.

The value of our instruction at South Side is immeasurable. We have acquired a firm foundation upon which to build our lives, and any future success that we may achieve may justly be ascribed to this training, for "a good start is half the battle won."

At this turning point in our career of education, it is indeed fitting that we express, if words can express, our gratitude toward those who were in a large measure responsible for our success. To Dr. Kennedy and to the entire faculty we extend our most sincere thanks for their aid in overcoming the obstacles encountered in our school course. We feel incapable of an adequate manifestation of our gratitude to our class advisor, Dr. Austin, who piloted the Class of January, '20, thru its trials and reverses to the safe haven of graduation. We respect him as a teacher, and love him as a friend and companion. Under his firm guidance and supported by his sound advice, victory was assured, and to him, therefore, our issue of the school paper is dedicated.

To the school in general we are grateful for its whole hearted support and encouragement of all our activities. Our best wishes are extended to the future classes of South Side, and for the success of their representing organ, "The Optimist."



SCHOOL NEWS



Senior Editor, Esther Farber.

EDITORS

Howard Broek	Beatrice Eichhorn
Milton Lange	Ruth Schechner
Winifred Springer	Evelyn McWhood
Mildred Black	

The Senior Dance

The long-looked-forward-to has happened—the Senior dance came off on Tuesday evening, the 23rd of last month. Was it a success? We'll say it was! The punch was delicious, the decorations tasteful and music fine. The features of the evening were the Shadow Waltzes. There still remains a doubt as to whether the last Fox Trot was intended for another Shadow Dance or an urgent request to leave. Although the lights finally flickered at 11:15 sharp, there was ample opportunity to crowd a good time into the three hours allowed and no one could deny that the ensemble was a big success. That it was is due mainly to the efforts of the Entertainment Committee, which consists of Norman Ottley, chairman, Frances Cauffman, Estelle Fischman, Harry Kolodin and Frank Zwigard.

THE WIRELESS CLUB

Now that the government ban has been lifted on private receiving and sending stations, the Wireless Club has come into life again. After a long period of idleness, due to the war the club held its first meeting this term on December 11 for the purpose of reorganizing. The following Thursday, Decem-

ber 18, the election of officers was held. The following came out victorious: Gordon Ehrlich, President; Calvin Van Ness, Vice-President, and Joseph Lieb, Secretary. The club now has 31 members, which is quite a number for a start. Plans are now under way for equipping the station with a first-class receiving panel, which will make a possibility of hearing all commercial stations within a 5,000-mile radius. When these changes are made the school will have a station as good as, if not better, than there is to be found in any school. Application has also been made for a Government license in charge of Mr. Hunkins, the Director. It is to be hoped that South Siders will take advantage of the wonderful opportunity for wireless work which the club offers.

THE SPANISH CLUB

During the past month there have been two meetings of the Spanish Club in Room 60. At these a varied program has been presented by the members, consisting largely of educational and instructive games. This club is very instructive and helpful to all those students who really wish to attempt to live an hour in the afternoon speaking nothing but the language of Spain. Plans are almost perfect-



ed for a one-act play to be given at the next meeting and we would urge all students of Spanish to join this club if for no other reason than that they will receive one point credit in their work for the term.

THE 4B CLASS

At the meeting of the 4B Class on December 23 two important matters were decided upon, namely, class colors and a class motto. The colors chosen are gold and black, but, contrary to the custom of preceding classes the motto is in English, rather than Latin, so that it will mean something to every member of the class. It is "Every end is a beginning." The meeting adjourned after a brief discussion concerning the senior prom.

The 4A-4B Social

On Tuesday, December 16, a social was given in the gym to the 4B Class by the 4A Class. A new precedent was established at this dance, there being enough light to last until the close of the afternoon. The music for the occasion was furnished by Greely's Orchestra. The members of the Entertainment Committee thoughtfully provided some delicious refreshments in the form of super fine punch, excellent cake and better candy. After the first eight dances on the program, a novelty dance was started, in which the vari-colored balloons which had been used to decorate the gym, were distributed among the dancers, the balloons were broken and joy reigned supreme. Mr. Fisher led the grand march in a very efficient manner, and helped to make the affair the success it was. A goodly crowd of Seniors was present, but sad to say, only about six of the faculty were there. This social was the biggest success of the season, for not only were a large number of people present, but everyone had a wonderful time. The 4A Class is to be commended for its achievement, and it is hoped that other classes will follow their excellent example and have socials as successful and interesting as this one.

SAFETY FIRST

A very interesting talk on "Safety First" was given in the auditorium by Mr. Van Brunt. He said that, although the subject may be trite, it is just as important, if not more so, today, than ever before. With the modern devices for saving time and labor the "Hurry-up Family" is even larger than in former years. He gave sketches of several members of this large family, such as Mrs. Hurry-up, who starts from home to keep an engagement at the time when she should have been at her destination; Mr. Hurry-up, who is always five minutes late at a business appointment, and then there are the hundreds of Hurry-up children, who have to run all the way to school in order to arrive on time. He explained how each one of these by his hurry not only endangers his own life, but also delays his fellow men who are on their way to keep appointments. Certainly all who heard Mr. Van Brunt's address will be careful to observe his simple rules for observing safety first.

THE SKYLARKERS

Last term a group of students interested in the appreciation and presentation of one-act plays, met on Monday afternoons to read and enjoy plays which were selected by the group. No organization into a club was attempted, but this term, upon application to the G. O., the group grew into a club under the name of the Skylarkers. Elections of officers were held some time ago, and the following officers were elected: For president, Irmgard Sander; for vice-president, Kathryn Nicoll; for secretary, Esther Legge. With these officers at the head, and Mr. Burley as the faculty advisor, the club has been holding its regular meetings in Room 101. The club gave its initial public performance last month, when a scene from *Silas Marner* was given in the Auditorium. This was so well received that the club decided to give another performance in the near future. At present, the club is reading "The Burglar," which may be their choice when a performance is given.



THE OPTIMIST



Class Alphabet

A leads with Axelbrod, and Adlerstein, too;
Good boys, who never have much work to do.

B is for Beitman and Margaret E. Blake,
Who never in History or English did fake.

C comes with Chimacoff, Cowan and Cohen;
These boys for school would never leave home.

Then follows Chesach—study's his aim;
And Frances C. Cauffman of Optimist fame.

D brings out Danzis, a maiden so sweet.

E is for Englander, her acting's a treat.

F starts with Farber, a package of fun,
The happiest person this side of the sun,

And also J. Ferry a scholar so dear,
And Sidney K. Fuchs, a fiddler we hear.

F is quite brilliant we presently see,
For here are twin Freedmans, Taom and Maxie.

Then there is Feldman, a comedian of noise,
Who can't be accused of having much poise.

And here is our Fischman, a treasurer rare,
Who for the class has done more than her share.

G is for Goodman, a musician she'll be;
If you ask Mr. Gordon, he'll surely agree.
And then there's our classmate, Marcel R. Glick;

At all our elections he always did kick.

H hails forth Halperin, a maiden so coy,
And little M. Henig, a mischievous boy.

Then there is Heyden, whose constant half-day

Has brought to Miss Jacobs much grief and dismay.

And also L. Huberman, personals his work,
Neither in Latin or English did shirk.

I is for Ignatoff, Lionel by name,
When called by "Ignatz" he responds just the same.

Remember Ianelli, an artist indeed,
Also in drama has proven a lead.

J 's just a line, to you I will tell,
If you guess who's the author, you'll do very well.

K is Kolodin, a lad—O, so wild!

And Margaret Kotyuka—she's very mild.

L starts with Levias and Milton O. Lange,
The first quite a student, the last a boomerang.

Then come Lomachinsky and Littlefield fair,
Who to the school have given some care.

M starts with Mueller, our fine president,
Who to our hearts immediately went.

Then there's McIver, of a superior mind,
And Emil R. Mintz of about the same kind.

Then we've McWood and Florence McCarte,
Who in the class took quite a part.

N is for Nolan, our chairman so great,
And Julia K. Norton—who knows her fate?

O comes with Ottley, a lover of dance,
And Alfred G. Olliner, in a basketball trance.

P starts with Polowitz, by nature a grind,
And Helen L. Phillips of frivolous mind.

Then August M. Pfaus, a quiet young man,
And Reginald O. Phillipps, who does all he can (?).

Q means those questions, of which we were fond (?);

How often we prayed could we only respond?

R is for Rosen, good, studious boy,
Quiet and gentle, and, yes, even coy.

S hails Simandl, Silberman, Schmidt,
These boys in vaudeville would make quite a hit.

Then there comes Schroeder and Schifffenhaus,
fine,

Girls that are found in the long tardy line.

Then we have Schwartz, who has always worked hard,

And quiet Saul Seid, with an honor roll card.

T is for Tuite, a follower of fun,
Every afternoon to Barringer did run.

U is for us, a jolly good crowd,
Four years ago to South Side we bowed.

V is for Volk, our gold-medal friend,
In her job (secretary) has worked to the end.



W brings forth Weismuller, of much football fame,
 "Author" must also come next to his name.
 Then there is E. Wurth, a fair maiden was she,
 Whose coquettish charms were quite wondrous to see.
 X is for excellent, the whole 4A class
 From every big boy to each little lass.

Y brings in Young, whose cheeks are so red,
 They have gone to many a young fellow's head.
 Z ends with Zwigard, our fine quarterback,
 And Alfred J. Zusi, in studies not slack.
 With this little rhyme I hope you'll be merry,
 'Tis the wit of the authoress, Isabelle Cherry.

How Two-Fifteen Studies

One o'clock. The minute the stairway is reached the girls link arms and make it impossible for any one to pass, while the boys make a lot of noise.

1:01. After the singing, books are flung on the desk, groups congregate about the room. Thereupon Helen Beitman's melodious voice is heard, "Get into your seats, won't you, so I can take the roll." She begins to hunt for the paper containing the names, when Dr. Austin enters and commands all to be quiet. "Miss Shroder is absent as usual," he remarks. "Where's Cohen, absent again?"

1:03. "Some of you had better not waste so much time, for there's danger of flunking," is Dr. Austin's next cheerful comment.

1:05. Heedless of his earnest entreaties, Helen Beitman chatters away to Regina. Miss Danzis is surrounded by a group of masculine admirers; supposedly she assists them in their French, but we doubt if that could be of such interest.

1:07. Once in a while, above the din of the room, the rattle of pennies is heard. No, the boys aren't matching pennies. Chester Mueller is merely counting the money from the chocolate sale.

1:08. Edna Wurth interrupts her charming conversation with Norman Ottley to learn of Janet, what questions Miss Stevenson asked in history. Surely if the sixth period students couldn't depend on this source of information, they wouldn't be prepared for that terrible ordeal.

1:10. The entertainment committee adjourns to the back of the room to discuss the

coming dance, while Dr. Austin urges that the talking cease, so that such meetings may be held.

1:12. Ruth Levias informs anyone who cares to listen that she doesn't know any of her 4B Latin. Yet she and Ida start doing geometry.

1:15. Dr. Austin leaves the room, after admonishing the class to make it unnecessary to have any teacher come in. Any good resolutions on the part of the seniors, however, is soon broken.

1:16. Kolodin and Lange torment Bertha, who in turn sticks them with a compass. Harry prances up and down the room. An eraser then comes whizzing by. That must be the work of either Nolan or Zusi. All the fellows shout at the top of their lungs. Pandemonium is let loose. Estelle begins to ask for dues and assessments. This eternal question drives several from the room. Still a few less boisterous souls warn, "Sh—Sh—I wanna study."

1:20. Soon Mr. Hinzler enters. "Whose class is this? Dr. Austin's? Well, Dr. Kennedy just passed and told me to step in and quiet you." Suppressed laughter follows his retreating form. If Mr. Hinzler only was in 105 during sixth period and heard the junior college, he wouldn't have any cause to complain about the seniors. Yet the 4A's are always picked on.

1:25. Dr. Austin returns and calms the class. Of course he lectures on how disappointed he is in the class.

1:30. The bell rings. Groans are heard. "I could not study a blessed thing, and I've got a blamed old test this afternoon."



THE OPTIMIST



Name	Nicked	Affliction	Remedy	Outstanding Feature	Sentence	How they got through
Adlerstein, Nathan	"Nat"	Laziness	Work	Good nature	D. D. S.	Eventually, why not now?
Axelrod, Joseph	"Grease"	Dancing	Corns	Height	Human phonograph	Time will tell
Beitman, Helen	"Helen"	Shy	Nerve	Frizzed Hair	Missionary	Slipped
Berkowitz, Regina	"Regg"	No pep	Nice boy	Conscientious	Cash girl	No one missed her
Blake, Margaret	"Margaret"	Solitude	Jazz band	Quietness	School teacher	Earnestness
Cauffman, Frances	"Fanny"	Good nature	Detention	All around ability	Suffragist	Won her way
Cherry, Isabel	"Cherry"	Unsociability	Social affairs	Seldom smiles	Posing for animal crackers	Sympathy
Chesack, David	"David"	Study	Girls	Agreeable	M. D. (mule driver)	Hard work
Chimacoff, Nathan	"Chimy"	Clothes	Manuel labor	Conceit	Husband	Who can tell?
Cohen, Samuel	"Sem"	Stocks	Financial	Indifference	Stock broker	Skidded
Cowan, Bernard	"Berny"	Trouser crease	embarrassment			
Danzis, Florence	"Flossie"	Timidity	Pressing	Talking	A waiter	Goodness knows
Englander, Helene	"Red"	Acting	A little courage	Sweetness	Red Cross Work	Brains
Farber, Esther	"Esther"	Powder	Stage struck	Hair	Another Alice Brady	Odd answers
Feldman, David	"Cabbage"	Noise	Mirror	Gaiety	Maid	Legitimately
Ferry, Jeanette	"Jenny"	Playfulness	Muzzle	Boldness	Sing Sing	Nobody saw him
Fishman, Estelle	"Vamp"	Naughty eyes	Common sense	Smile	School Marm	She deserved it
Friedman, Max	"Mack"	Bashful	Spectacles	Her line of talk	Model in Bam's	Smiling at faculty
Friedman, Naomi	"Naomi"	Feminism	A drum	Pessimistic	Cash boy	Midnight oil
Fuchs, Sidney	"Sid"	Love	Marriage	Girlishness	Floor walker	Tried
Gluck, Marcel	"Gluck"	Nonsense	Headache powd'r	Likeable	Fiddler	He won't tell
Goodman, Bertha	"Bertie"	Too shy	We don't know	Chem. shark	A. & P.	Pluggier
Halprin, Ida	"Ida"	Hiding	Little pep	Modesty	Stocking darning	Fell through
Henig, Morris	"Maury"	Bonds	Gay white way	Quietness	Kindergarten teacher	She don't know
Heyden, Frederick	"Fritz"	Cutting	Fall in market	Careworn	Errand boy	Passed 'em all
Huberman, Leo	"Leo"	Roughneck	Detention	Wiseness	Garbage inspector	By accident
Iannelli, Frank	"Frankie"	Beauty	Football	Silliness	Early marriage	Mystery
Ignatoff, Max	"Fat"	Eating	Massages	Sociability	Cartoonist	Worked his way
Kolodin, Harry	"Jake"	Wise cracks	Indigestion	Inactivity	Jockey	He knows
Kotyuka, Margaret	"Margy"	Muteness	Sense	Wit (?)	Barber	Why ask us?
			Some ginger	Meekness	Maid	Won her way



THE OPTIMIST



Lange, Milton	"Egg"	Hot air	Cold water	Ties	Nerve tonic salesman	Fixed it up
Levias, Ruth	"Ruth"	Quietness	Something interesting	Good nature	Telephone operator	Naturally
Littlefield, Anna	"Bridget"	Giggling	Old maid's home	Freckles	School marm	Stepped over
Lomachinsky, Gussie	"Gussy"	Dress	Marriage	Her walk	Nurse in doll's hospital	Not aware
Lowenstein, Aaron	"Lowey"	Inconspicuous	Step ladder	Uncertain	Errand boy	Brains
McIver, Janet	"Janet"	Good marks	Some recreation	Honor roll	Literary critic	Just natural
McCarte, Florence	"Flo"	Singing	Voice culture	Giggling	Opera star	Ask her
McWhood, Evelyn	"Eve"	Elocution	The hook	World wisdom	Author	I'll tell the world
Mintz, Emil	"Mincey"	Mischief	Detention	Wild	Lock-jaw	Pretty bright
Mueller, Chester	"Chet"	Chem.	Hopeless	Executive ability	Chem Prof?	Brains
Nolan, Robert	"Bob"	Erasers	Breaking window	Bearing	Quack doctor	Sailed through
Norton, Julia	"Jule"	Cheeks	Powder	Cuteness	Manicurist	Smiled through
Oliner, Albert	"Oily"	Thoughtlessness	Judgment	Roundness	Warden	Crammed
Ottley, Norman	"Normy"	M. D. guess	That's plenty	Dancing	Vernon Castle 2nd	Rushed through
Pfaus, August	"August"	Study	Graduation	Books	Minister	Squeezed through
Phillips, Helen	"Dot"	Auto	Skidding	Pessimistic	Saleslady	Pulled through
Phillips, Reginald	"Reggie"	Chem.	Blow up	Quietness	Lab. assistant	Passed
Polowitz, Benjamin	"Bennie"	All wrong	Arsenic	Prowess (?)	Prize fighter	We can't tell
Rosen, Samuel	"Sammie"	Quietness	Girls	Earnestness	Accountant	Earned it
Schmidt, Gustave	"Gus"	Optimism	Threes on card	Gameness	Aviator	He only knows
Schwartz, Bessie	"Betty"	Size	Stilts	Pessimism	Calamity Jane	Worried through
Sied, Saul	"Saul"	Fiddle	Break it	Obliging	Math. Prof.	Ability
Shiffenhaus, Naomi	"Nomy"	Jazz	Blues	Love of self	Ballet dancer	Watchful waiting
Schroeder, Leone	"Lony"	Solitude	Jazz	Solemnity	Policewoman	Overlooked
Silberman, Arthur	"Artie"	Conceit	A refusal	Football ability?	Announcer	Talked
Simandl, Sidney	"Jit"	Pork	Hard work	Confidence	Corporation lawyer	Can't you guess?
Tuite, John	"Jawn"	Latin	Pony	Size	Cop	Ask dad; he knows
Volk, Emma	"Emma"	Grouch	Little more work	Clever	Secretary	Class will tell
Weismuller, Herbert	"Dutch"	Athletics	Dancing	Bulk	Field marshal	Favoritism
Wurth, Edna	"Edna"	Dancing	Tight shoes	Smiles	Miss Vernon Castle	Danced through
Young, Helen	"Eczema"	Talking	Front seat	Cheerful	Hawaiian dancer	Fooled us all
Zusi, Alfred	"Susy"	Pompadour	Comb	Seldom smiles	Fish peddler	Grinding
Zwigard, Frank	"Tubby"	Football	Poor marks	Attractiveness	Candy kid	By luck



Adlerstein, Nathan, "Nat," 261 Belmont Ave.

College Prep.

U. of Penn.

"If little labor, little are our gains."

Cross Country, '16, '17, '18; Track, '16, '17, '18, '19; Class Baseball, '18, '19; Class Football, '19; Intergrade Cross Country, '18.

We don't know much about you, but what we know is good.



Axelrod, Joseph, "Joe," 536 So. 20th Street.

General Latin; Newark College of Technology

"Steadfastness is a noble quality."

Track, '15, '16, '17; Orchestra, '19; Class Basketball, '15, '16, '17; Class Football, '19; Glee Club, '17, '18, '19; "Stop Thief," '19; "Roses of Tara," '19.

Joe's a fellow you can depend upon.



Beitman, Helen, 80 Shanley Avenue.

Arts; N. Y. School of Fine and Applied Art

"Principle is my motto."

Glee Club, '19; Senior Optimist.

What would our late-comers have done without you?



Berkowitz, Regina, "Reggie," 697 Springfield Ave.

General German

Normal

"Officious, innocent, sincere

Of every friendless name—the friend."

Management "Stop Thief," '19; "Roses of Tara," '19.

Suffice to say that she is one of our most brilliant and helpful girls.



Blake, Margaret Cornelia, 524 Clinton Avenue.

Arts

Business School

"Which not even critics criticize."

An earnest person and a pleasant companion liked among the faculty.

Cauffman, Frances Claire, 904 Bergen Street.

General Latin

Normal

"Gentle in manner but resolute in deed."

Entertainment Committee 3A, 4B, 4A; Senior Optimist.

Frances is well liked because of her loyalty and school spirit.



Cherry, Isabelle, 237 Jeliff Avenue.

College Prep.

Newark Junior College

*"She was able, she was pretty,
She was kind, she was witty."*

Girls' Hockey, '16; Vice-Pres. 4A Class.

Because of her sweet (and talkative) disposition, Isabelle has been a great treasure to our class.



Chesack, David, 288 W. Kinney Street.

College Prep.

Newark Junior College

"Ambition hath no rest."

Class Basketball, '17, '19; Class Championship Baseball, '19;

Class Football, '19; Senior Optimist.

Some day he will be rewarded for all these hours of study—we hope so, anyway.



Chimachoff, Nathan, 174 Spruce Street.

College Prep.

Newark Junior College

"I am not in the roll of common men."

Glee Club, '16, '17, '18; Class Football, '19; Mgr. Track Team, '18, '19; Business Mgr. "Stop Thief," '19; "Roses of Tara," '19; Optimist, '19; Senior Optimist.

Loves life and also the ladies.



Cohen, Sam G., "Shimka," 31 Waverly Avenue.

College Prep.

Harvard

"The world knows nothing of its greatest men."

We firmly believe that "Shimka's motto is, "Work! Work! Work! I love thee—not."





Cowan, Bernard, "Bernie," 99½ High Street.

College Prep.

U. of Mich.

"Ambition should be made of sterner stuff."

Class Football, '19; Class Baseball, '17, '18; Class Basketball, '17, '19; 2B Class Relay.

We wonder if the old saying, "The empty vessel makes the greatest sound," is true?



Danzis, Florence M., "Flossie," 608 High Street.

College Prep.

Wellesley

"The sweetest thing that ever grew beside a human door."

Vice-Pres. French Club; G. O. Representative 4B.

So wise and yet so pretty. How do you do it, Flossie?



Englander, Helene, 69 Seymour Avenue.

General French.

Undecided

"A rare jewel found among many precious ones."

G. O. Representative, '16; "Why Smith Left Home," '17; "Stop Thief," '19; "Roses of Tara," '19; Secretary of Glee Club, '19; President Dramatic Club, '18, '19; President Girls' Vocational Club, '17; Speaker W. S. S. '18; Senior Optimist.

What Helene has undertaken she has done well and she has undertaken a great deal.



Farber, Esther, "Esty," 121 Rose Terrace.

General German.

Undecided

"Buxom, blithe and debonair

So wise, so gay and yet so fair."

Vice-Pres. G. O., '19; "Stop Thief," '19; "Roses of Tara," '19; Secretary Dramatic Club, '19; Entertainment Committee, 4B; Senior Optimist.

Her happy nature, helping hand and personality have won for Esther a deep place in our hearts.



Feldman, David, "Cabbage," 526 Hunterdon Street.

College Prep.

Married

"A little nonsense now and then

Is relished by the best of men (?)"

Class Baseball, '15, '16, '17, '18, '19; Class Basketball, '15, '16, '17, '18, '19; Class Football, '15, '16, '17, '18, '19; Vice-Pres. Chess Club, '15; "Roses of Tara," '19.

Ever see "Cabbage" dance? It's an education in itself.

*Ferry, Jeanette Adeline, 181 Brunswick Street.
General Latin. Newark Junior College

*"Let fools the studious despise,
There's nothing lost by being wise."*

G. O. Representative, 3A; Glee Club, '19; "Roses of Tara," '19; Optimist, '19; Senior Optimist.

What can we say? Virtue, efficiency and ability speak for themselves.



Fischman, Estelle E., "Estie," 206 Hillside Avenue.
General German. Newark Junior College

*"She is pretty to walk with; witty to talk with
And pleasant to think on."*

Class Treasurer, 4B, 4A; Entertainment Committee 3A, 4B, 4A.

Because of her charm and personality we have willingly (?) given Estelle our quarters.



Freedman, Max, 287 Mulberry Street.
College Prep. Undecided

*"Who mixed reason with pleasure
And wisdom with mirth."*

G. O. Representative, 3B; Class Thrift Stamp Pres. '18, '19; Class Baseball, '19; Class Football, '19.

We are proud to have such a capable and earnest student in our midst.



Freedman, Naom, 77 Littleton Avenue.
General German. N. Y. U.

"A head for figures, yet not a figurehead."

Class Baseball, '18, '19; Class Football, '19; Cheer Leader, '18, '19; Chairman Entertainment Committee, '18.

The most we can say is to second the above statement.



Fuchs, Sidney, 300 Hunterdon Street.
College Prep. Newark Junior College

"Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul."

Orchestra, '15, '16, '17, '18, '19.

Rather quiet and reserved but those who know him realize what a fine fellow he is.



Star (*) indicates Honor Roll twenty-five times or more.



Glick, Marcel, 70 Monmouth Street.

College Prep.

U. of Mich.

"Rising merit buoys up at last."

Class Basketball, '16, '18, '19; Class Championship Baseball, '19; Class Football, '19; Track, '17; "Roses of Tara," '19.

Whenever called upon to do anything for our class, Glick is always willing.



Goodman, Bertha E., 153 Spruce Street.

General French.

Undecided

"A witty tongue, a pleasant smile."

Blues, blues! Where art thou when Bertha is around?



Halprin, Ida D., 126 Johnson Avenue.

General French.

Newark Junior College

"Heart on her lips, and soul within her eyes."

A sweet girl well liked by her friends.



Henig, Morris H., 392 Littleton Avenue.

General Latin.

Columbia Law

"A silent man's words are not brought into court."

A pleasant fellow, but quiet.

Huberman, Leo R., "Huby," 531 Clinton Avenue.

College Prep.

Newark Junior College

*"Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more;
Men were ever deceivers."*

Class Basketball, '17, '18, '19; Class Baseball, '18, '19; Class Football, '19; Vice-President Chess and Checker Club, '18; Senior Optimist.

"Huby's" humor and wit always help to make our spare time happy.

Heyden, Frederick F., "Fred," 34 Nairn Place.
General Latin. Lafayette

Better late than never."

Track, '16, '17, '18, '19; Class Baseball, '16, '17; Class Football, '19; Class Basketball, '16, '17.

Whenever Fred is not absent, he is sure to be late.



Ianelli Frank, "Nell," 486 Avon Avenue.
College Prep. Rutgers

"Art is power."

Track, '16; Class Basketball, '16, '17, '18; Class Football, '16, '17; Class Baseball, '16, '17, '18; Glee Club, '19; "Roses of Tara," '19; Optimist, '16, '19; Senior Optimist.

Frank is our artist. His cartoons have brought laughter to all.



Ignatoff, Max L., "Igie," 445 So. 6th Street.
College Prep. Rutgers

"A handy lad and strong."

Class Football, '19; Class Baseball, '18, '19; Class Basketball, '17, '18, '19; Mandolin Club, '16, '17.

"Igie" can always be depended upon—for noise.



Jacobson, Ralph H., 85 Avon Avenue
College Prep. Newark Junior College

"Ability proves the man."

Debating team, '19.

Through his capability he was able to complete his course in three and one-half years.

Kolodin, Harry, "Half Mast," 520 Clinton Avenue.
College Prep. Newark Junior College

"Enthusiasm in his clear dark eye."

Varsity Football, '18, '19; Class Basketball, '17, '19; Class Baseball, '18; Entertainment Comm., '19; Senior Optimist.

A fellow with his gifts will never be a failure in life.





Kotyuka, Margaret, "Mickey," 800 So. 16th St.

General French.

Undecided

"A social smile, a sympathetic tear."

Known for her generous good will.



Lange, Milton O., "Egg," 114 Seymour Avenue.

College Prep.; Webb Academy of Marine Eng.

"The world knows only two—that's Rome and I."

Glee Club, '17, '18, '19; Championship Class Baseball, '17, '19; Class Football, '19; Class Basketball, '17, '19; Track, '17; 2A and 4B Class Relays; Class Champion W. S. S. Speaker, '18; Liberty Loan 4 minute Speaker, '18; "Stop Thief," '19; Head Cheer Leader, '18, '19; Optimist, '17, '18, '19; Senior Optimist.

There is hardly an activity of our school which, at some time or other, has not had something to do with our versatile classmate, "Egg."



Levias, Ruth F., 42 Treacy Avenue.

College Prep.

Newark Junior College

"A progeny of learning."

Orchestra, '16, '17; Hockey, '17.

When O's stared us in the face, Ruth came to our assistance.



Littlefield, Anna, 12 Leslie Street.

General French.

Newark Junior College

"A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance."

Hockey, '16; Basketball, '17.

She's always ready to trade a smile for a piece of candy.



Lomachinsky, Gussie B., 54 Montgomery Street.

College Prep.

Undecided

"The glass of fashion and the mould of form."

To whom our class looks for fashion.

Lowenstein, Aaron L., 173 Hillside Avenue.

College Prep.

Newark Junior College

"Youthful and small, but knowing all."

Class Baseball, '19.

Aaron's youthful appearance causes us to wonder how such a head can carry the burdens of a Senior.



*MacIver, Janet, 38 Millington Avenue.

College Prep.

Newark Junior College

*"Her ways are ways of pleasantness
And all her paths are peace."*

Senior Optimist.

Under that quiet bearing lies a wealth of knowledge.



McCarte, Florence B., 51a Elizabeth Avenue.

College Prep.

Undecided

*"Happy am I, from care I'm free,
Why aren't they all contented like me?"*

Glee Club, '16, '17, '18, '19; "Roses of Tara," '19.

Florence is there with the standing broad grin.



McWhood, Evelyn L., 21 Hillside Avenue.

General Latin.

N. Y. Academy of Design

"Eternity too short to utter all thy praise."

Hockey, '18; Basketball, '18; Class Thrift Stamp Sec., '17; Thrift President, '17, '18, '19; President Glee Club, '19; G. O. Representative, 4A; Bulletin Board, '19; Social Comm., 4B; "Stop Thief," '19; Optimist, '19; Senior Optimist.

Evelyn is one of our best all around girls. We surely do consider her a prize.



*Mintz, Emil R., 177 Hillside Avenue.

College Prep.

N. Y. U.

*"A cheerful temper makes knowledge
delightful and wit good natured."*

G. O. Representative, 2A, 3A; Chr, Program Comm. Debating Club, '18; Vice-Pres. Chess and Checker Club, '19; President, '17, '18; Vice-Pres. 4B Class.



Star (*) indicates Honor Roll twenty-five times or more.



Mueller, Chester, "Chet," 205 Chadwick Avenue.
College Prep. Newark Junior College

*"He had a head to contrive,
A tongue to contrive and
A hand to execute—any mischief."*

Class President, 4B, 4A; Optimist, '18, '19; Senior Optimist.
"Chet" is one of our versatile classmates. He pilots the class and plays "hot hand" with equal dexterity.



Nolan, Robert S., "Bob," 93 Shepard Avenue.
General German. Rutgers

"None but himself his parallel."

Track, '16, '17, '18; Chr. Ring and Pin Comm., '19; 4 min. Speaker, '18; Boys' Working Reserve, '17, '18; Class Baseball, '19; Optimist, '19; Exec. Comm. Senior Optimist.

No matter what line of endeavor, "Bob" ventures into, he makes a success of it.



Norton, Julia, 25 Earl Street.
General Latin. Undecided

"Her cheeks like apples which the sun had ruddied."

Senior Optimist.

Her fair complexion has won for her a place in the hearts of the boys.



Oliner, Albert, "Alby," 471 So. 11th Street.
College Prep. U. of Penn.

"There is likewise a reward for faithful silence."

Class Basketball, '17, '18, '19; Class Baseball, '18, '19; Class Football, '19.

Determination, good faith and seriousness (?) have been his foundation.

Otterbein, Clare, Elizabeth Avenue.
General. Undecided

"Certainly a pleasant girl."

Claire is one of our summer-school graduates.

Ottley, Norman, "Chink," 61 Hillside Avenue.

General Spanish.

Undecided

"Steadfast, sincere and true—a man."

Varsity Football, '17, '19; Varsity Baseball, '17; Class Football, '16; Class Basketball, '17; Chr. Entertainment Comm., '19.

Seeing "Chink" reminds us of the last words of the chorus of "Yankee Doodle." Read them.



Peterson, Harry, "Pete," 62 Astor Street.

College Prep.

Music

*"There is no truer truth obtainable
By man, than comes from music."*

Orchestra, '16, '18, '19.

"Pete" has fiddled his way to fame.

Pfaus, August, 141 Johnson Avenue.

College Prep.

Business

*"Good health and good sense are two of
life's greatest blessings."*

Orchestra, '19.

Much valued as a classmate and friend.



Phillips, Helen, 56 Johnson Avenue.

General German.

Undecided

"Magnificent spectacle of human happiness."

"Roses of Tara," '19.

Where there's a noise, there's Helen.



Phillips, Reginald, Cell 562, Y. M. C. A.

Special.

U. of Syracuse

"His words well weighed, his look subdued."

Class Baseball, '19; "Roses of Tara," '19.

A newcomer—therefore most welcome.



Polowitz, Benjamin, "Polly," 760 So. 17th Street.
College Prep. N. Y. School of Dentistry

"He would not harm a little flower."

Class Baseball, '18, '19; Class Football, '19.

We wish "Ben" success as "Dr. I. Extractem."



Rosen, Samuel, 530 So. 11th Street.

College Prep. Newark Junior College

"Speech is great, but silence is greater."

Class Basketball, '19; Class Baseball, '19; Boys' Working Reserve, '18.

Though quiet, "Sammy" is an asset to our class.

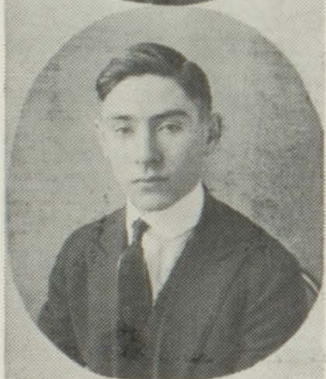


Schiffenhaus, Naomi, 35 Hillside Avenue.

College Prep.

"As merry as the day is long."

Here is a girl who has giggled her way into our hearts.



Schmidt, Gustave, 154 Charlton Street.

College Prep.

M. I. T.

"A little study, now and then."

Track, '16; Class Championship Baseball, '17, '19; Class Basketball, '17, '19; Class Football, '19.

Did you say football? Ask 215?

Schroder, Leona, 74 Hillside Avenue.

College Prep.

Newark Junior College

"Silence is more eloquent than words."

Although a newcomer and a silent and quiet girl, she has won many friends.

Schwartz, Bessie, 557 Clinton Avenue.

General German.

Normal

"My life is a struggle."

A good little sport with a cheerful disposition.



Seid, Saul, "Sy," 5-7 Seymour Avenue.

College Prep.

Stevens

"Judge his character by his accomplishments."

Orchestra, '16, '17, '18, '19; Class Football, '19.

Did you ever hear of anyone getting 10 in Solid? Well, just gaze upon "Sy."



Silberman, Arthur, "Art," 302 Chadwick Avenue.

College Prep.

Undecided

"The mirror of all courtesy."

Class Baseball, '16, '19; Class Basketball, '17, '18; Class Football, '16, '19.

We trust that "Art" will always stand like his hair—upright and straight.



Simandl, Sidney, "Jit," 108 Fabyan Place.

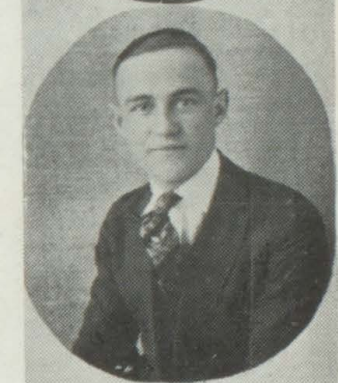
General French.

N. Y. U.

"He was a man of cheerful yesterdays and confident tomorrows."

Track, '16, '17, '18, '19; Class Championship Baseball, '16, '19; Class Basketball, '17, '18, '19; Class Football, '16, '19; "Roses of Tara," '19.

"Jit's" ability is just the opposite of his stature.



Strebinger, Mildred, 754 Bergen Street.

General German.

Normal

"A merry heart does good like a medicine."

Glee Club, '18, '19; Thrift Stamp President, 3B.

A happy-go-lucky whose only worry was homework.





Tuite, John, "Tweet," 94 Chadwick Avenue.

College Prep.

Business

"A pard-like spirit—noble and true."

Class Baseball, '18, '19; Entertainment Comm., '19.

For further activities we refer you to the inmates of room 208.



*Volk, Emma M., 634 Hunterdon Street.

College Prep.

Business

"Gentle of speech, beneficent of mind."

Sec'ry Debating Club, '18, '19; Sec'ry Class, 4B, 4A.

What chance do we stand when Emma is in any of our classes?



Weismuller, Herbert, "Dutch," 147 Ridgewood Av.

General French.

Brown

"A wholesome youth, both strong of limb and clean of heart, Well versed in hearty fellowship."

Football, '15, '16, '17; Captain, '17, '19; Basketball, '15, '16; '17; Captain State Champions; Baseball, '15, '16, '17; Captain, '19; Hockey, '17, '18; Track, '17, '18; Javelin Record; Vice-President G. O., '17; President, '19; "Stop Thief," '19.

"Dutch" is our true hero. We sincerely wish him success.



Wurth, M. Edna, 863 So. 11th Street.

General German.

Undecided

"Her very frowns are fairer far

Than smiles of other maidens are."

Basketball, '16, '17, '18.

We like you, Edna.



Young, Helen A., 358 Ridgewood Avenue.

General Spanish.

Newark Junior College

"While mantling on the maiden's cheek

Young roses kindled into thought."

Helen believes that "life without laughing is a dreary blank." Keep it up Helen.

Star (*) indicates Honor Roll twenty-five times or more.

Zusi, Alfred J., 219 Virginia Street.

General German.

Undecided

"Success is a just reward."

Class Baseball, '16, '19; Class Basketball, '19; Class Football, '19; Boys' Working Reserve, '18; Senior Optimist.

We are glad that we've had such a good all around fellow with us.



Zwigard, Frank, "Tubby," 19 Porter Place.

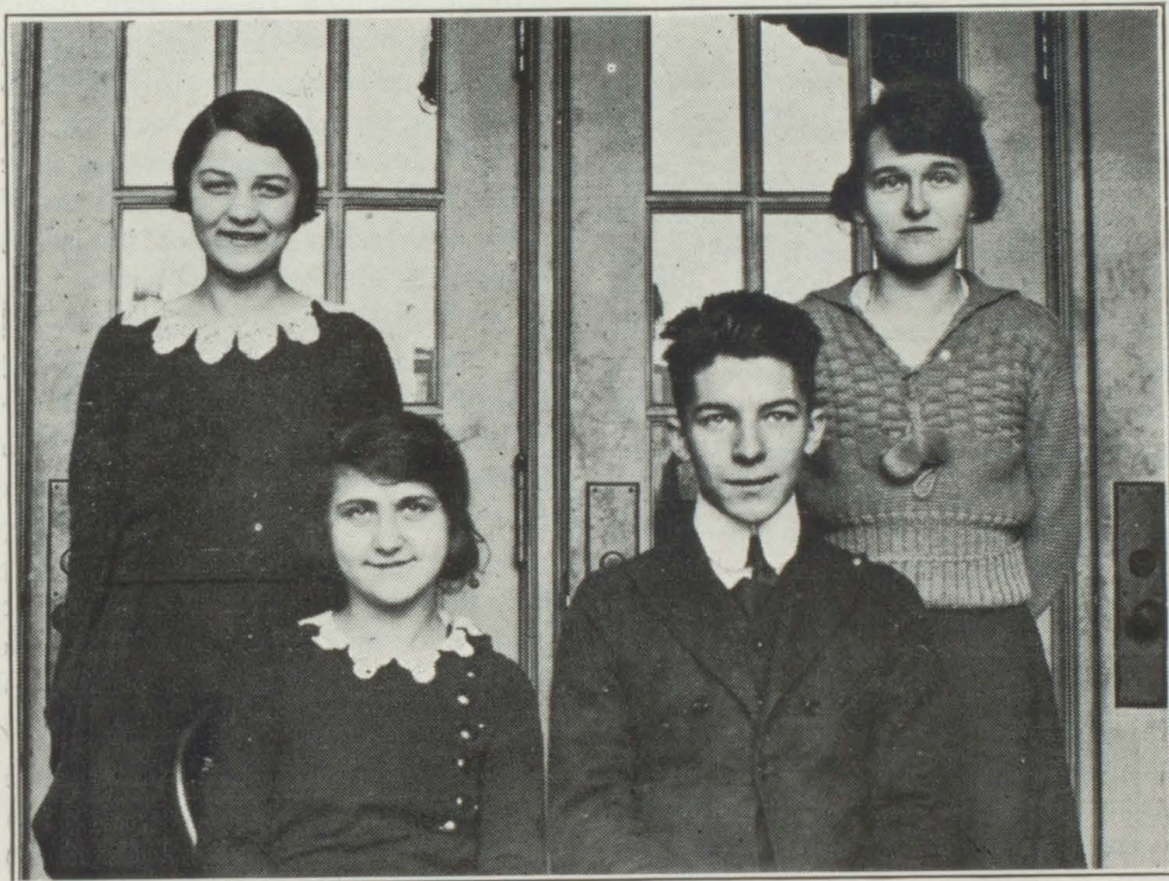
General Latin.

Brown

*"All tongues speak well of him and
bleared sights are spectacted to see him."*

Track, '16, '17; Football, '18, '19; Athletic Advisory Board, '18, '19; Baseball, '18; Class Basketball, '19; Class Baseball, '19.

They say good things come in small packages—we know it.



SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS



Senior Editor, David Chesack.

EDITORS

Marcus Jonas
Charles Tench

Nathan Chimachoff
Gerald T. Foley

Margaret Foley.

Athletes and Athletics of Class of January, 1920

zwigArd

otTley

Heyden

koLodin

wEismuller

adlersTein

langE

Simandl

With the departure of the Class of January, 1920, South Side loses the greatest all-around athlete ever developed within its walls. His name need not be mentioned. We all know the tall, light-haired fellow who in all has earned fifteen emblems in return for his services to the school. To enumerate his athletic activities is to name all the sports. Reader, take a good, long breath before you begin reading the list.

Herbert "Dutch" Weismuller, in his freshman year at South Side, caught for the baseball team, occupied one of the end positions on the 'varsity football team and played guard on the basketball team. In 1916, while a sophomore, "Dutch" again caught for the baseball team, played quarterback on the football team and jumped center on the basketball team.

In 1917, in his junior year, Herbert was

elected captain of the baseball team, captain of the football team and captain of the basketball team which that year won the state championship. In the winter of the same year he performed on South Side's hockey team.

In the summer of 1918 "Dutch" played first base on the baseball team and joined the track team as javelin thrower. In this he also secured fame for himself by breaking the previous record at the annual meet of the Newark high schools. But the football team of 1918 missed the services of "Dutch" for he had enlisted in the United States Navy.

In 1919, however, he returned for his last year. He again played on the baseball and football teams. This time fortune favored him and South Side. For the first time in the history of the school its representatives defeated Barringer. Altogether it is a proud record, nobly won. "Dutch" has always worn his honors with a becoming modesty. For his great success and for the manner in which he has borne himself he is to be congratulated.

Besides "Dutch" Weismuller, the Class boasts of another athlete whose fame has spread throughout the entire state. I have now in mind Frank Zwigard picked as quarterback on the all northern New Jersey team, and as second choice on the all-state team.



Quick witted, cool headed and alert, this mid-get has helped win many a football game for South Side. We can even now see him with the ball tucked under his arm and hiding behind his interference, slip through his opponents for many yards before he is finally downed. Though only five feet two inches in height, and one hundred and twenty-five pounds in weight, he was a great factor in South Side's victory over Barringer. His leadership and qualities above mentioned have surely earned him a position on the all-city team. He has been considered by many to be the best quarterback that ever called signals for South Side.

Besides these two stars the class boasts of many more of lesser fame. Norman Ottley is another representative of the class on the varsity football team. In some of South Side's games he performed as halfback and did himself credit. But he was out of most of the games on account of illness.

Other athletes of the class are Harry Kolodin, Fred Heyden and Nat Adlerstein. Harry Kolodin was out for the 'varsity football team last year and this year. He tried hard to make the 'varsity and finally managed to get on. He played in some of the games and thereby earned his letter.

Fred ("Fritz") Heyden is known by many as South Side's pole vaulter. In this line of sport, Heyden has made a creditable showing and scored many a point for South Side.

Nat Adlerstein, during his entire stay at South Side was an active participant in track athletics. He was a member of the cross-country teams of 1916, 1917 and 1918, and was on South Side's track team in the years 1916, 1917, 1918 and 1919. He was placed in the city meet and also scored in the Barringer-South Side dual meet of 1917.

Review of the 1919 Football Season

When the whistle blew at the end of the Montclair game it also marked the end of a very successful football season. From both a financial viewpoint and the number of games

won has the 1919 season been a big one for South Side. From the remains of an unsuccessful 1918 team a big, new, powerful machine was built, and a big share of the credit is due to Mr. Moeller.

At the first call for candidates about 40 boys came out. However, Mr. Moeller could not handle that number and the squad was cut to about 25 members. After a few weeks' practise the team was ready and the season started for South Side.

The first test was the Lincoln game, which was won without trouble, 20-0. Then a week later, Stuyvesant came from New York and was taken in tow, 14-6. The next week, however, the team went to Plainfield and was beaten, 13-7. The next week Passaic was beaten at home, 12-0. East Side was next disposed of, 14-0. Unbeaten Irvington was the next victim in an 18-7 score. And then came Barringer! And on November 8 South Siders saw what they have been waiting to see for six years. Barringer, the one and only Barringer, was swamped 21-0. Then came New Brunswick, Chattle, and Battin, beaten respectively, 20-0, 7-6, and 14-7. The last game was lost to Montclair 20-12.

The team ran up 167 points against opponents' 59 in eleven games in which nine were won and only two lost. The city championship was won by South Side.

This year saw some new stars in the line-up, while at the same time old ones were just as bright.

The new ones of importance were Zwigard, Lillie, Siedman and Howley. Injuries forced Zwigard to quit in '18, but this year his playing was as good as any quarterback's in the state with the possible exception of Bowman, Chattle's star. Zwigard's playing was the main factor in beating Barringer, as he alone scored 15 points against the Blue and White. Lillie played a nice game at halfback, being especially good against East Side and Irvington. He scored 18 points against the latter team. Siedman put up a good game at tackle and Howley did the same at end. The best



of the veterans was "Dutch" Weismuller, with Ambs a close second. The work of this pair needs no comment to anyone who has seen them in action. Rittersbacher played well, but had the misfortune to be outweighed in a number of games, and therefore he did not show up so well. The other members of the first team, while not starring, played well together, giving a good example of excellent teamwork.

Senior Athletics.

To the senior A's of room 103 it has always seemed that their classmates of room 215 were forever getting the best of them in the politics of the class. To make up for that the boys of room 103 defeated those of room 215 twice in baseball, once in football and once in basketball. Of these four games, the football conflict is the worthiest of mention.

From whistle to whistle the seniors fought fiercely for the class championship. When the final whistle blew, the footballers of room 103 were on top by a margin of only one point. The game furnished many thrills and the small crowd of rooters, which had assembled, received its money's worth.

Soon after the kick-off the footballers of room 103 shoved the ball over for a touchdown by means of three end runs. Simandl, the clever quarterback of room 103, carried the ball over and one minute later kicked the goal, which later proved to be the winning point. No further scoring occurred in the first half, and the latter ended with the score 7 to 6 in the favor of room 103.

In the third quarter Oliner, 215's quarterback, hurled a long forward pass into the arms of little Max Freedman, who was patiently waiting for the ball behind the goal posts. But here, the tiny end of 215 lost the chance of tying the score for his team by grounding the ball. The score now stood 7 to 6, still in the favor of room 103, and so it was when the final whistle blew.

But there was another side to the game. The list of injuries was great. Scratched faces, sprained and bruised limbs and black eyes were

numerous. But the most notable injury of all was received by Schmidt of room 103. The poor fellow had two front teeth knocked out and now he is afraid to laugh. Line-up:

Room 103.	Room 215.
Chesack.....L. E.....	Huberman
Heyden.....L. T.....	N. Freedman
Axelrod.....L. G.....	Cowan
Chimacoff.....C.	Ignatoff
Seid.....R. G.....	Polowitz
Glick.....R. T.....	Smith
Adlerstein.....R. E.....	M. Freedman
Simandl.....Q.	Oliner
Feldman.....R. H. B.....	Silberman
Schmidt.....L. H. B.....	Lange
Laudano.....F. B.....	Zusi
Referee—Dean Parsons.	Umpire—H. Weismuller.

Class Baseball

Chimacoff
 CHesack
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 gl I ck
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In the summer of 1919 Mr. Cavallero and Mr. Moeller, our gymnasium instructors, adopted a system of mass athletics. Instead of the very few who participate in 'varsity athletics, the whole student body was given the chance to enjoy the benefits derived from out-of-door sports.

Baseball teams were organized in all the home rooms. Two leagues were formed, a junior league and a senior league. The junior league consisted of the four lower grades and the senior league consisted of the four upper grades. A schedule was then drawn up and the games were begun. The rivalry between the teams grew keener and keener, while many



GRAMMER ORGANIZATION

of the teams were being eliminated. Finally the champions of the senior league disposed of the champions of the junior league, thereby winning the school championship.

Reader, you might wonder what this has to do with senior A athletics. Well, here is the point we are driving at and proud of. For it was the 4B's who then won the school championship, and those 4B's are the present 4A's, who are about to leave South Side. Out of ten games the senior baseball team played, nine of them were won and one was tied.

Class Basketball

On Friday, December 19, the rival quintets of room 103 and room 215 met in the gymnasium to decide the basketball championship of the 4A class, room 103 coming out victor after a hotly contested game. The same keen, but friendly rivalry prevailed. The score at

the end of the first half was 8-8. In the second half the boys from 103 braced up and by clever teamwork and accurate shooting took the lead and held it throughout the game. The outstanding feature of the game was the excellent work of the guards of room 103. These boys held room 215 without a field goal in the second half. The shooting of Schmidt and Glick featured for the winners, while Oliner played well for the losers. The final score was 22 to 14 in favor of room 103. The line-up:

Room 103.	Room 215.
Schmidt.....R. F.....	Huberman
Feldman.....L. F.....	Oliner
Glick.....C.	Lange
Zwigard.....G.	Cowan
Simandl.....G.	Kolodin
Chesack.....G.	Smith
.....	Rosen
Referee—H. Weismuller.	



The South Side Sun

January 31, 1935.

LOCAL WOMAN RECEIVES APPOINTMENT

Miss Emma Volk has accepted the position of secretary to the President of the United States. Newarkers may well be proud that a woman from our own city has been chosen for this responsible position.

DARING ROBBERY.

Burglars brazenly Enter Home of Prominent Newarker.

Last evening when Mr. Harry Kolodin opened the door in response to a knock, he was knocked down with a club and rendered unconscious. Two women entered and were in the act of ransacking the house when Police Sergeant Esther Farber arrived on the scene. The thieves put up a lively resistance, but Miss Farber's brawn won out. When the women were asked their names one said her's was Julia Norton, while the other claimed Janet MacIver as her name. The pair are old offenders, and the judge is deciding on a suitable sentence.

An ambulance arriving at the scene of the crime carried Dr. August Pfaus and Miss Margaret Kotyuka, the trained nurse. With the aid of several bystanders this pair finally revived Mr. Kolodin.

Local Man Loses Mind.

Friends in this city will be grieved to learn that Chester Mueller, A. B., B. K., B. S., has just entered Overbrook Hospital. Mr. Mueller's mind gave way when he discovered that one of his theories of geometry has been proved false. Miss Florence McCarte, superintendent of the Asylum, stated that Mr. Mueller's case is pitiful, as he imagines that all those around him are polygons. He is being attended by the world-renowned brain specialist, Dr. John E. Tuite.

Traffic Policeman Knocked Down.

Patrolman E. Mintz Receives Injuries—
Woman Arrested.

Early this morning Emil Mintz, traffic policeman at the corner of Broad and Market streets, was knocked down by an automobile driven by Miss Ruth Levias, the well-known interpreter, at the First Precinct. Miss Levias was arrested and explained to Judge Cowan that she was in a trance, and was not responsible for her actions. Judge Cowan, after reviewing his regular fine, \$500, allowed the prisoner to go free.

Miss Schroeder, driving an ambulance, helped to revive Mintz, who later resumed his post.

HERE AND THERE.

Miss Edna Wurth, who formerly conducted a florist shop on Market street, has applied for a position as waitress in Childs's Restaurant. Miss Wurth gave as a reason for her change of employment that she had become infatuated with one of the youths who turn the pancakes in the window.

Mr. Sam Cohen, the well-known financier, has just loaned a million dollars to Milton Lange, to further the latter's work in designing garbage scows and rowboats.

Miss Helen Phillips, a palmist of great note, will arrive in Newark next week. Miss Phillips is very efficient in her line, and will reveal one's whole future for a very small price.

Announcement has been made of several changes in the staff of the Essex County "Bugle." Mr. Robert Nolan is now the editor, while Miss Frances Cauffman is his first assistant. Miss Evelyn McWhood is the dramatic critic, and she will be assisted by Clare Otterbein, beauty and movie editor.

Miss Estelle Fischman has been elected president of the "Twelfth National Bank of



Newark, N. J." Miss Fischman is an experienced financier and her success is certain.

Mr. Albert Oliner, called the second Burbank, has just produced a new plant which is a cross between a watermelon and a grape. Mr. Oliner says his assistant, Miss Gussie Lomachinsky, has always been an inspiration in his work.

Miss Isabelle Cherry, the suffragette leader of New Jersey, is conducting a campaign against the study of chemistry in high schools. Without a doubt many will rally about Miss Cherry in this noble cause.

Splendid new funeral parlors have been opened by Miss Naomi Schiffenhaus. Friends and acquaintances are sure that this venture will prove a success, as Miss Schiffenhaus's grave disposition and temperament tend to make her proficient in this line of work.

DRAMATIC.

All-Star Program at Krueger's Auditorium.

Last evening at Krueger's Auditorium there was held a benefit for the family of Sidney Simandl, bankrupt organ-grinder. The program was as follows:

1.—Harmonica solo by the well-known student of harmony, Miss Margaret Blake.

2.—Piano solo by Gustave Schmidt, the versatile musician.

3.—Violin solo by Saul Seid, the well-known violinist. Mr. Seid played an encore on a new instrument invented by Adlerstein, the jazz king.

4.—Vocal solo by Frederick Heyden, the Metropolitan tenor. Mr. Heyden sang that favorite of his, "How Sweetly Chimes the Bell," in French. He was accompanied by Campana on the cornet.

5.—Dramatic reading. Miss Helen Englander, of the Emotional School of Drama, interpreted the "Kitchen Scene" from Miss Anna Littlefield's drama, "The House."

At this point Joseph Axelrod, master of ceremonies, announced Max Ignatoff, D. D., who is known as the "fighting parson." Dr.

Ignatoff recited the sad case of Mr. Simandl and asked for help. The program was then continued.

6.—Russian Ballet Dance by that master of the terpsichorean art, Nathan Chimachoff and his troupe of dancers. His troupe consists of himself, David Chesack, Marcel Glick and Aaron Lowenstein.

7.—Chalk Talk by the wonderful artist, Miss Helen Beitman. Miss Beitman was, after much effort, persuaded to leave her studio, where she is painting the portrait of Leland Smith, President of the United States.

The performance was a great success, and credit must be given to Mr. George Gordon Archibald Reginald Steward Phillips, the manager, and Morris Henig, scene shifter.

AT THE STRAND THIS WEEK.

Florence Bara Danzis, America's most beautiful screen star, in her latest success, "Vengeance."

Next Week—Arthur Chaplin Silberman in the latest of his million-dollar comedies, "A Cow's Life."

SPORTS.

Indoor Match for Eraser Championship.

Max Freedman, the world's flyweight eraser champion, will meet Naomi Freedman, the local contender, in a finish match this evening. The champion will allow his opponent a handicap of six bull's eyes, but he is confident of the final result. The contender's arm and eye have improved of late, and a great battle is expected.

SOCIETY NOTES.

Well Known Couple Elope.

Last night Mr. Alfred Zusi, the eraser king, eloped with his dancing instructor, Miss Jeanette Ferry. They escaped the lady's cruel and unrelenting parents, and fled to the parsonage of the Rev. Frank Zwigard. Sidney Fuchs and Bessie Schwartz were witnesses of the marriage.



EDUCATION NOTES.

Woman Sustains Injuries.

Yesterday afternoon Miss Regina Berkowitz, successor to Miss M. B. Hamilton as study teacher at South Side, fell and broke her arm. Her injuries were received in chasing one of her pupils up the assembly aisle.

Another report from South Side states that Mr. Leo Huberman, of this city, has accepted a position as professor of Latin in that institution. Mr. Huberman takes the place of Dr. Austin, who has retired to live on his accumulated wealth.

Current Events May Be Major Subject.

State Commissioner of Education, Frank Iannelli, has suggested that current events be made compulsory in New Jersey's schools. He believes that all students should have knowledge of the time in which they are living.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Herbert Weissmuller, Furrier.

Fur coats made from your own skins.
Rates Low.

PAINLESS POLOWITZ.

Let me pull your teeth. New sets \$5.00 and up. Don't hesitate.

Ladies' Beauty Parlor.

Old Ones Made New.

Our paints blend (sample package free).

Ida Halpin & Bertha Goodman
Proprietors.

Ladies' Fancy Dress Hats a specialty.

D. Feldman, Milliner.

Learn to play the violin. \$10 per half-hour. Professor Harry Peterson.

MASS MEETING.

At the Broad Theatre this evening Mr. Ralph Jacobson will speak against the League of Nations and other things. Every one is urged to attend.

OTTLEY STUDIO.

Dancing classes held on Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings.

Beginners 7:30. Advanced 8:30.

Private lessons any time.

Please patronize me, as I need the money.

When shopping visit the French Tea Room, Boiled New England Dinner. Limburger Cheese our specialty. Mildred Strebing and Helen Young, Props.

A Trip to the Underworld

Having performed the sacrifices due to Pluto and Prospina, the rulers of the Underworld, the Sibyl led me thru the dark cave and we approached the River Styx.

After we had crossed in the Boat of Skins we made our way thru the shadowy places until we came to the "Mourning Fields," where those who died of love were wandering about, moaning and wringing their hands, for their cares did not leave them even in death. In the dim light I thought I perceived the forms of three of my friends, and, approaching, I found that indeed here were Margaret Kotyuka, Helen Phillips and Edna Wurth. I addressed them: "Unfortunate maidens! Why

do you roam these sad places?" But they averted their countenances and silently passed on.

My companion and I next entered the fields where dwell those fallen in battle. All the warriors of Room 215 and Room 103 were there, and erasers were scattered over the ground.

Next we approached the dreadful city of Tartarus. Here was Estelle Fischman, doomed to eternal punishment because she had taken other people's money. Here also was Emma Volk, who had presumed to conduct a class in imitation of one of the members of the faculty, and was struck by a thunderbolt and



hurled into Tartarus. Further on the inveterate gamblers, Silberman and Max Freedman, are crouching forever beneath a huge rock which is always threatening to fall upon them.

I saw Helen Beitman, who was seated at a table, and before her were placed tempting candies of all kinds, but as she reached for one an avenging fury snatched it away.

Leaving this melancholy place, we passed on to "the land of the blessed." Here I saw the good students enjoying their well-earned rest, and nearby the ponies reposing in disuse. The dancers of the Senior Class, Jeannette Ferry, Frances Cauffman, Nathan Chimach-

off and Frank Zwigard were dancing thru the ages. There was Chester Mueller, who adorned life by his scientific discoveries.

My companion inquired the way to the One whom we sought, and we were directed to pass over a nearby bridge. We found Father Austin in a verdant valley contemplating the long line of future Latin classes. Here and there were bright lights, which he explained were the stars. Many battles would be waged by them.

After several minutes of conversation with him, we bade farewell and the Sibyl led me back to the Upperworld.

The Class Will

We, the Class of January, 1920, being sound in body and in full possession of our senses, as we are about to leave the classic halls of South Side High School, do hereby make our last will and testament.

To the 4B Class, who have so long coveted our position, we bequeath the management of the school affairs, and as a token of this great honor we give them the front seats in the assembly.

Whereas we sympathize with the 3A's in their inability to organize during this term, we leave them the right to learn of and enjoy the woes, scraps and disagreements of class meetings.

Our socials and good times we pass on to the Junior B's, in the hope that they may continue this activity we have begun.

Upon the 2A Class do we bestow our exceedingly great knowledge of solids, liquids and gases, to aid them in the awful bugbear, physics, with which they are about to struggle.

We impart our "pull" with the teachers to the 2B's, so that the well deserved sixes and sevens may be magically transformed into hoped-for eights and nines.

Especially anxious are we that the Freshmen receive their full share of our bequests.

Because we fear they may otherwise be too good to be human, we give them our reputation in conduct. All the tricks of cutting, the use of absence cards and late slips and the art of wasting study periods by talking and raising a general uproar, do we cheerfully turn over to them.

Realizing with regret that next term's One B's will be subject to much ridicule and embarrassment on account of their small stature, we grant to them some of our height.

We free the faculty from all their solicitous cares for our welfare, and leave in their place sweet memories of the achievements of the class and the glory of our nearing successes.

To Dr. Austin and Miss Jacobs in particular, who for four long years have suffered and rejoiced with us, do we give something more substantial. We wish the income from the interest in our marks to be equally divided between the two, so that this enormous sum may enable them to retire from the nerve-racking business of teaching.

Any property, either real or personal, remaining after the disposition of the above-mentioned possessions, we bequeath to the General Organization, for the use of those who will come hereafter.

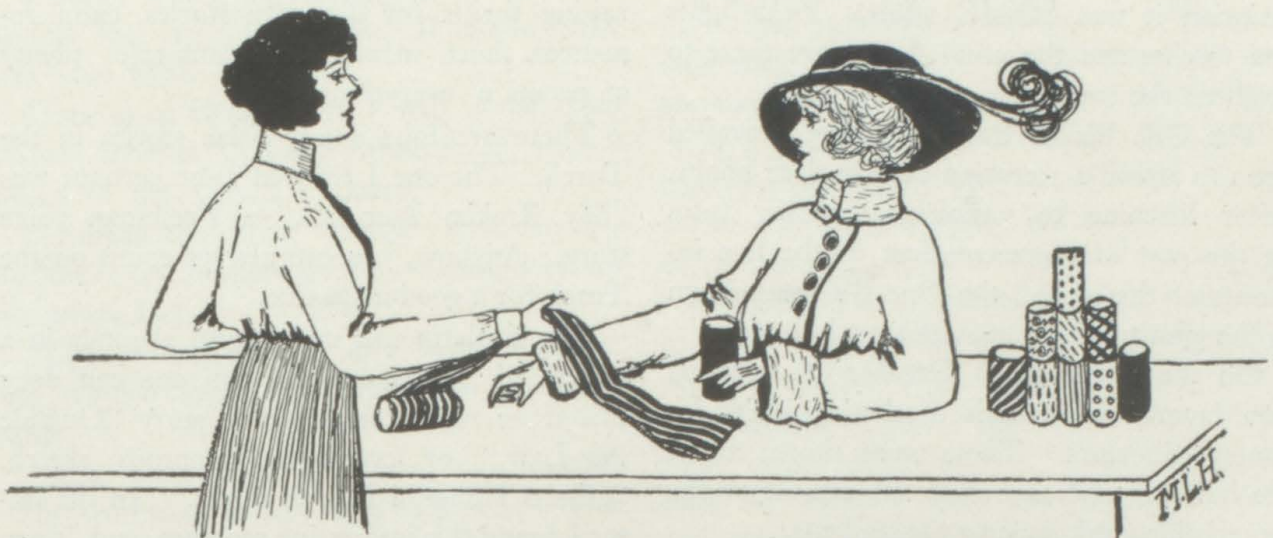
CLASS OF JANUARY, 1920.



OPTIMIST BOARD



SENIOR OPTIMIST BOARD



EXCHANGES

EDITORS

Meta Rosenberg

Rose Hahn

We acknowledge with pleasure the following exchanges:

The Bulletin, Montclair High School, Montclair, N. J.

The Ravelings, Decatur High School, Decatur, Ind.

The Aster, Miss Craven's School, Newark, N. J.

The Student, Holmes High School, Covington, Ken.

The Torch, West Philadelphia High School for Girls, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Pivot, Central High School, Newark, N. J.

The Carteret, Carteret Academy, Orange, N. J.

The Delhi Journal, Bryan Street High School, Dallas, Texas.

The Rutherfordian, Rutherford High School, Rutherford, N. J.

The Balance Sheet, Business High School, Washington, D. C.

The High School Recorder, Brooklyn Boys' High School, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Lasell Leaves, Lasell Seminary.

The Acropolis, Barringer High School, Newark, N. J.

The Tradesman, High School of Commerce, Boston, Mass.

The Standard, Chattle High School, Long Branch, N. J.

The Vincentian, St. Vincent's Academy, Newark, N. J.

The X-Ray, Sacramento High School, Sacramento, Cal.

The Record, Sioux City High School, Sioux City, Iowa.

The Piper, Morris High School, New York, N. Y.

The Upsala Gazette, Upsala College, Kenilworth, N. J.

The Orient, East Side High School, Newark, N. J.

The News, East Orange High School, East Orange, N. J.

NEWS! NEWS! OH, SOME NEWS!

Our friends of Decatur, Indiana, have the lead on us. The Juniors have had a skating party already! According to the animated de-



THE OPTIMIST



scription it was SOME affair. Flash-lights and torches and the usual flops were there to brighten the evening.

The One B's of Barringer were prevailed upon to attend a reception held in their honor. After listening to various interesting talks on the part of representatives of the live interests of the school, the One B's went down to the gym to play games and eat lollypops.

On the afternoon of October 6th Central was favored by a visit of distinguished Japanese educators. These were shown about the building and expressed amazement at the remarkable work done by the students.

Though it's somewhat late to talk about Hallowe'en parties, still the interesting account in the Torch of such a party, compels me to bring this to your notice. Prizes were given to the gold dust twins and several others. How realistic the party was is shown in the cartoons in "The Torch" which certainly are great!

The West Philadelphia girls certainly ARE alive. Just think, they made a trip to Washington. They visited the National Museum, Pan-American Building and the Library of Congress. It was an enjoyable trip, besides being very worth while.

Again sympathy calls us to notice this article in the Morris High School, of New York City, and causes us to remark about it: "No, they're not out yet. We mean Mr. Tracey's band. You see, there was a rumor current in the school that the orchestra was about to go on a strike. Our special correspondent reports that this is false. People strike because they don't want to work. Who ever heard of anyone striking because they didn't want to play? Maybe they want a higher scale? Maybe, who can tell?" Indeed, 'tis a sorrowing, degenerating world when we strike because we don't want to play. What are we coming to; what are we coming to?

'N Everything!

Yes, the reason for the title is obvious. Our exchange shelf can just clear this matter up for you. Take your choice. We have hair-

raising thrills for detective stories, calm romances, short, snappy, humorous tales, plenty of poems n' everything.

There are four dandy prize stories in the Torch. The one I enjoyed most perhaps was "My Broken Romance," a Freshman prize story. Anyhow, you can always count on the Torch for a good magazine.

The Bulletin this month also abounds in a wealth of good material. No one can deny this if he reads the detective story "Outside the Law," or even the humorous sketch, "Ghosts I Should Like to Meet." In the latter I found this interesting sentence, and "them wuz my sintiments." Maybe they're yours, too. "I wished that Shakespeare might prevail upon the shade of Caesar to humbly beg my pardon for using such tremendous amount of indirect discourse in his Commentaries." The poem entitled "Me Old Pal, Jim" is very pretty. Do read it.

Here's a sample:

"But I don't give a care, if I die right now;
It's all the same to me;
W'en a feller 'as lost 'is chum an' friend
'e don't want ter think much, yer see."

"His Little Muvver" is a very appealing story in the "Lasell Leaves." This magazine contains some very interesting photographs well-worth looking over.

"The Master Violin," a story in the "High School Recorder," is very interesting, as are all the stories in the "Rutherfordian."

I s'pose the wooly west still has charms. Then read the Dalhi Journal thru from cover to cover and you'll know better our Texan friends. The stories are all very good reading matter. But listen to this school yell, and you'll know why I say wooly:

Ker yee, Ker yi,
Ker Flippity Bim.
Come out of the woods,
Sandpaper your chin.
We're wild, we're wooly;
We're notched like a saw;
Bryan High School,
Rah—Rah—Rah!



Doesn't that give you the impressions of an Indian war cry. It did me. It would make any team fight.

Here as a fitting close I will quote from a story entitled "A Love Affair A. D. 1950," found in the Upsala Gazette:

"Outside the door Georgie was waiting anxiously on the mat with a strained look on his pretty face.

"Dora enveloped him in a lovely embrace and washed away his fears with passionate kisses.

"'All mine!' she muttered, 'in another month you shall be Mr. Dora Drew.'" This speaks for itself, but my what an imagination!

The Impression We Make!

"Good work, South Siders! We always enjoy reading your paper. The little write-up, "Gossip From Gossipville," was certainly clever. Your personal department was one round of pleasure."—The Orient.

"A most attractive magazine from cover to cover."—The Torch.

"Your paper shows you have spirit and your cartoons are fine!"—The Ravelings.

Thank you for your compliments. We appreciate them.

COLLEGE NEWS

Fellow students, here is a delightful surprise for you in the form of a real nice, newsy letter from one of South Side's former students, who is now studying at Smith. She gives us a vivid glimpse of Freshman fun at her alma mater, and after you've read it, you'll wish you, too, were going to spend a few years of your life at Smith.

Dear South Siders:

I have been told that you would enjoy reading about some of my Freshman experiences at Smith, so I am taking this opportunity to give you a glimpse of one of our many good times. At Smith College there is no feeling but a friendly one between the Sophs and Freshmen, and instead of being teased, we are given parties and ice-carnivals.

Each house, however, has a little invitation party, and ours was no exception. One evening early in the fall the house president announced that there would be a very important house meeting right after supper. We Freshmen, numbering about ten, gathered in the parlor with the other girls and patiently awaited the opening of the meeting. Presently the fun began. The president first read a number of rules to us which the Freshmen were expected to carry out. Some of them were: Freshmen must serve breakfast to upper classmen Sunday mornings. Freshmen must answer the 'phone. They must never call to a girl upstairs, but must go up and tell her she is wanted.

After the rules were read a Sophomore very solemnly called out our names one by one, and told us what stunt we had to do. Naturally we were weak from laughing at the various stunts, but we grew very serious whenever one of the girls came around with her whisk-broom to brush the smile off our faces. Our shoes had to be taken off and put on the wrong feet, and after we had done so we were blindfolded and taken upstairs. One at a time we were unblinded, told to take a swallow of water, crawl on our knees between two rows of girls, and deposit the water in a pail at the other end of the hall. That may seem simple to you, but when you are half-murdered on your way there by the kicks and slaps of the girls on either side it is not so easy. When the Sophs locked us in a room, taking but one girl out at a time, we had wild ideas of climbing out of the window to the porch. But this was impossible, as the roof was almost perpendicular. At last we thought of a plan. We overpowered the next Soph who tried to come in, and locked them all out. They attempted every way to make us come out, and finally they resorted to a fire drill, and we had to go down.

There were several other features during the course of the evening to contribute to the fun. We were told to pull out a hair, and the first thing we said after the strand of hair was

Continued on Page 52.



THE GR



PICNIC



Continued from Page 49.

in our hand was what we'd say after we were married. Of course that caused a great deal of laughter.

Downstairs we were told that we were going up in an aeroplane. "Step up, hold on tight to the girl in front of you, and jump when we tell you to," was the command given. Probably you've had the sensation of feeling terribly high in the air and jumping hard upon the floor that was only a foot below you. Our journey was accompanied by great noises caused by the rattling of tin boxes.

To conclude this pleasant initiation we were served ice cream with fudge sauce and macaroons. Really at Smith the Sophomores are a sister class, and we are the best of friends, except, of course, at the basketball and hockey games.

HANNAH HOFFMAN.

We were very fortunate in getting real glimpses of college life this month. Perhaps these bits of news may help you wavering Seniors to decide whether college will be worth while or not. The Freshmen at Rutgers recently celebrated a football victory by doing the snake dance in every "movie" they came across. Of course they had to confess they didn't act like gentlemen, but what can you expect of Freshmen?

At Washington University the Freshmen were required to wear little grey skull caps decorated with red button on the top, until Thanksgiving day. I suppose the banishment of the little grey cap was one blessing they were thankful for that day. They assure us that they had another reason for which to be thankful. The day before Thanksgiving the Freshmen and Sophs had their tug-of-war in one of St. Louis' grand parks. The rope was stretched across a narrow part of one of the lagoons and the Freshies pulled the Sophs thru the lagoon. The temperature that day was about 35 degrees, and it's certainly a wonder that the Sophs didn't get pneumonia.

Washington's football season was very successful, since they played eight games, and won six of them. On Thanksgiving Day they beat

St. Louis University, their traditional football enemy, with a score of 7-0.

The freshmen and sophomores at Barnard are already making plans for their annual contest, the Greek games given in the spring. This is Barnard's unique collegiate feature. It brings out the talent in every type of girl, for it combines athletics, interpretative dancing, the composition of lyrics and of music for the chorus.

LAUGH AND THE WORLD LAUGHS WITH YOU

Too True!

In English the teacher was explaining how the drama went out of the hands of the church and into the hands of the guilds or unions of the present time.

"For instance," she said, "the Shoemakers' Union would play the 'Judgment.'"

"Yes," said one bright pupil, "the judgment of the souls."

—The X-Ray.

Of Course!

Father (reprovingly)—Do you know what happens to liars when they die?

Johnny—Yes, sir; they lie still.

—The Bulletin.

This is an extract from a theme on Lincoln written last term:

"Abraham Lincoln was born on a bright summer day, the twelfth of February, 1809. He was born in a log cabin he had helped his father to build."

Mother—Well, Tommy, how did you like your first day at South Side?

1B—When I came into a room the teacher told me to sit down for the present, and I sat there all day and she never gave me a thing.

1B—How do you catch a squirrel?

2B—Get up a tree and make a noise like a nut.



JOKES



EDITORS

Mildred Bowe
Lillian Eddy
Meyer Cohen
Henry Saslow

Anna Zimetbaum
Jeannette Ferry
William Krinsky
Eugene Heinzinger

David B. Abramson.

Rubaiyat of a Poor Senior

A book of Latin verse beneath my arm,
Some Latin prose in which I see no charm,
Beside some English, Math and other things,
To cut sometimes would seem but little harm.

When unprepared I did eagerly frequent
Emma and Mintz and heard great argument
About it and about; but learned at last
That even Janet knew not what they meant.

There was much talk to which I found no key;
There were some jokes through which I could
not see;
But all went well until one fatal day
I tried to say a word—good night for me.

In that exam room and why not knowing
Nor who—the answers willy-nilly flowing,
And out of it, exhausted in the hall,
I know not whither willy-nilly going.

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LeviS

A hair perhaps divides the false and true,
Yes, and a single answer were the clue—
Could I remember it—a passing mark,
And peradventure ev'n an "eighty-two."

You're questioned now about the English prose,
The teacher doth record what each one knows,
You cannot bluff her, even though you try,
She knows about it all—SHE knows—SHE
knows!

Her moving finger writes, and having writ
Moves on; nor all your strategy nor wit
Shall lure it back to cancel that one "six,"
Nor all your tears add even "plus" to it.

Ah me! could only students here conspire
To change these sorry term exams entire,
Would not we soon abolish them, and then
Have a school nearer to the heart's desire?

Elsie—Mamma, I don't feel well.

Mother—That's too bad, dear. Where
do you feel worst?

Elsie—In school, mamma.

Miss Denton (to Hope Gardner)—
Why, Hope, what is the matter? That
was an awful face you made just then.
Hope—Oh, well, that's natural.



How Can We Leave Them?

The faculty sat with mournful face
And when we asked them why,
The way they answered was so sad
It fairly made us cry.

"O soon, too soon, you students rare
Away from us shall go,
The class of January '20
Shall cause us no more woe."

And then they fell to sobbing
And a tearing of their hair,
Until our hearts did ache us so,
'Twas more than we could bear.

We tried our best to comfort them,
It was in vain, alas!
They said they'd miss the glorious pranks
Of our beloved class.

"We'll ne'er hear Esther giggle now,
Nor hear Miss Cherry's chatter;
We'll ne'er see Schmidt and Cohen cut,
Nor hear E. Mintz's clatter."

A mournful strain was heard again,
"I'm sure you'll all agree,
That never more we'll see E. Wurth
Charm Norman F. Ottley.

When our generals, Glick and Silberman,
Make their exit from the scene,
No more will the erasers fly
At noon in 215.

In Room 103

Kindly settle up for window before the end
of the term.

P. S.—Now wouldn't that give you a
"pane?"

Quite matchless are her dark brown i i i,
She talks with utmost e e e;
But when I tell her she is y y y,
She says I am a t t t.

And Chester Mueller—sobs and sighs
(For that's our prexy's name),
By using his knowledge of chemistry
Did he attain his fame.

A sweet demure voice spoke up then,
"Again I ne'er shall see,
The sleeping beauty that I saw
In my class in history."

Again oppressive silence reigned,
And then a voice sedate
Called forth, "O, when in years to come
Shall we see Miss Fischman late?

"And Florence Danzis," sighs profuse,
"No more around her seat
Shall we see suitors gather for
A look or word so sweet."

At this a fearful wail arose,
Our pleading was in vain,
Their tender hearts were breaking now,
Would yours not do the same?

We bowed our heads in sorrow great
At loss for what to say,
We offered to stay another term
If they would feel that way.

They said that 'twas quite kind of us,
But we must go right on,
They'd try to become accustomed to
The fact that we were gone.

Max Freedman sees Polowitz hitting him-
self on the head with a hammer.

Freedman: What are you doing that for?

Polowitz: Because it feels so good when I
stop.

Freedman: Oil the guillotin.

Adlerstein: It took me two years to learn
that physics, and now I've lost my notebook.



YE NOBLE SENIORS — FRANK JANNELLI

SENIOR SMILES



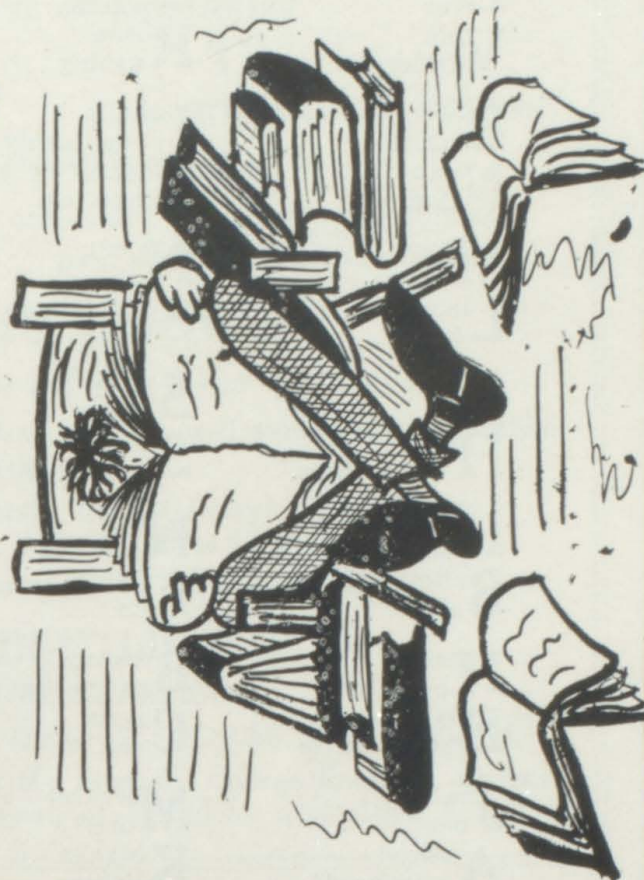
"EUG. V. DEBS", MUELLER — SOME SPOOCH



TAKING PICTURES



CRAMMING? FOR EXAMS.





THE OPTIMIST



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When the H. C. L. Is Going to End

Absolute knowledge I have none,
But my aunt's sister's washwoman's son
Heard a policeman on his beat
Say to a laborer on the street,
That he had a letter just last week
Written in the finest Greek
From a Chinese coolie in Timbuctoo,
Who said that the natives of Cuba knew
Of a cowboy in a Texas town,
Who got it straight from a circus clown,
That a man in Klondike heard the news
From a band of South American Jews
About somebody in Borneo,
Who knew a man who claimed to know
Of a swell society "female fake"
Whose mother-in-law would undertake
To prove that her seventh husband's niece
Had stated in a printed piece,
That she had a son
Who had a friend
Who knew when the H. C. L. was going to
end.

Could you imagine:

Janet MacIver starting a commotion?
Bessie Schwartz keeping quiet?
Fritz Heyden taking home books?
Jeanette Ferry not knowing her economics?
Estelle Fischman coming in on time?
Emil Mintz if Ignatoff fell on him?
Isabelle Cherry understanding a chemistry
experiment?
Miss Sweet forgetting to assign homework?



A Senior's Thoughts on Graduation Night

At last our long sought goal attained,
We stand here at the threshold of
Life's door, with all the bonds unchained,
That tied us with ennobling love.
To South Side—Alma Mater.

Our eyes are eager, hearts are glad,
With aspirations high we're starting,
And yet withal we must feel sad,
We realize this night we're parting
From South Side—Alma Mater.

Four years have given us ideals,
Four years in learning, pleasure bent,
Four years, whose passing now reveals,
That sweetest time of life we've spent.
In South Side—Alma Mater.

South Side, South Side, for all you've given
me, thank thee,
Highest emblem of all that's best we rank
thee.

—Helen Englander.

Saul Sied
Albert Oliner
Max Ignatoff
Sam RosEn

Art SilBerman
Leo HUberman
Naomi Freedman
MaCk Freedman
Harry Kolodin

"Her teeth are like stars," gushed the love-
smitten youth,
In an outburst of joyous delight;
When they were married, he found 'twas the
truth,
Like the stars, they came out every night.

Miss Jacobs: The only time the 4A class
was ever quiet was when they were having
their pictures taken.

The other day
The Personals' Editor said
To me, "Write up ten lines of stuff,
There's too much space for me to fill."
And so I sat
And thought, but as I thought
No bright idea could I arouse,
And so I wrote down how I felt,
And as I wrote this assigned to me
The space was filled.

Helen Beitman (in Economics): Can a
man marry his widow's sister?

Question in Economics Test: What is a
widow's pension?

Esther Farber: A widow's pension is money
given to a woman whose husband is dead.

Art Silberman (seizing "Egg" Lange):
"Quick, 'Egg,' drop your head in a bucket of
water."

Lange, (excited): "Why, what's the mat-
ter?"

Art: "I smell wood burning."

Oliner: Why have verbs roots, Art?

Silberman: To make the language grow.

Queer Queries

If Feldman is disobedient, is Bertha a Good-
man?

If Sam Rosen is slow with the girls, does
John go Tuite?

If Otley charges two dollars for dancing
lessons, how much is Edna Wurth?

If Isabelle's a Cherry, is Emil Mintz pie?

If Frances Cauffman catches cold, will
Chimacoff?

If Weismuller is a Dutchman, would you
call Helen Englander?

If Adlerstein is getting old, is Helen Young?

If Swigard is small, Fred must be Hey-den?

If Helen Beitman likes ice cream, is Sam A.
Cohen?

If Emma Volk has brains, has Regina
Berkowitz?

If Lincoln freed the slaves, would you say
Max or Naom Freedman?



THE OPTIMIST



EXTRA!

Weismuller
almost
bitten by
dog belonging to
Zwigard

Sam Rosen
dreams he
breaks
his
leg

Emma Volk
carelessly
cuts
finger in
English

M.Blake & B.Schwartz
see two boys
create
big
scene

Sid Simandl
has cat that
spends night
roaming
in park

Miss Littlefield
eats some
charms
given her by
Nat Chimacoff

Edna Wurth
angrily
slaps
book on desk of
Norman Ottley

Leo Huberman
reads of thief
sent to
Sing Sing
prison

Max Ignatoff
has brother who
enjoys
his
Kiddie Kar

Frank Ianelli
catches book that
falls from
his
desk

Albert Oliver
finds some asparagus
shoots
while walking by
himself

Janet McIver
always
gets 4
nines
on card

Milton Lange
has cousin who
wears
a
pink shirt

Jeannette Ferry
hears of boy
expelled for
flagrant
disobedience

Advice to Wunbees

To those newly come to South Side,
We now, near the exit door,
Would bequeath kind words of caution
Which you may have heard before.

And your greenness we deplore,
You are gay and carefree Wunbees,
Be a bee, but don't be waspish
Lest you make your elders sore.

More a listener, less a talker
Is your cue if you would shine,
Don't resent the friendly critic,
Take our tip and fall in line.

Great things start from lowly sources,
From the acorns-spring the oaks;
You may some day be REAL people,
And immune from rhyming jokes.

HeleN Phillips
NaOmi Schifffenhaus
Anna Littlefield
ESther Farber
Helen Young

Evelyn McWhOod
Estelle FischmaN
MargarEt Kotyuka
ISabelle Cherry

FIFTH hour every single day,
PERIOD when noise holds sway,
IN despair Miss Jacobs sighs,
"103 is far from paradise!
THE girls do nought but giggle,
PLAGUE of my life this wiggle
OF heads and tongues that never cease.
MISS So and So(?) you win with ease."



THE OPTIMIST





This space is dedicated
to the Graduating class
of South Side High School

by

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Foremost Pharmacists



A Few Words on Behalf of Our Children's Teachers



For repairing a leak in the water pipe the plumber wants \$9.00 a day. For repairing a leak in the education of our children the teacher gets \$3.60 a day.

Is not the work of our teachers just as important as the work of our plumbers? Is the education of our dear little children worth less than the repairing of a defective pipe?

Let us not make intellectual paupers out of our children's teachers, otherwise we will make paupers out of our dear children.

The world on the whole has neglected the education of children and has made them the victims of industrial conditions created by big business.

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Senior Songs

- "Carolina Sunshine"—Frances Cauffman.
- "The Vamp"—Estelle.
- "You're So Pretty"—Herbert Weismuller.
- "Give Me That Harem"—N. Chimacoff.
- "Ida, Sweet as Apple Cider"—I. Halpin.
- "My Gal, She has Some Wonderful Ways"—Robert Nolan.
- "Sweetheart"—Florence Danzis.
- "Don't Put a Tax on the Beautiful Girls"—Sid Simandl.
- "Oh! What a Pal Was Mary"—N. Ottley.
- "Alcoholic Blues"—David Feldman.
- "It's Never Too Late to be Sorry"—A. Zusi.
- "Tell Me"—Margaret Kotyuka.
- "Wait and See"—Emma Volk.
- "Back Home in Tennessee"—L. Smith.
- "Sweet Adeline"—Joseph Axelrod.
- "You'd Be Surprised"—Jeannette Ferry.
- "Somebody's Sweetheart"—Julia Norton.
- "Tulip Time"—Helen Phillips.
- "When the Preacher Makes You Mine"—The "Egg."
- "O Johnny! O Johnny O!"—John Tuite.

Those Inconsiderate Teachers

(With apologies to Marcus Tullius Cicero.)

How long, O inconsiderate teachers, will you continue to abuse our patience? How long will your laziness keep us in suspense? How long will those test-papers, written a month ago, remain unmarked? Does not the promptness of the other teachers, nor the opinion of the wise scholars, nor the looks and frowns of the doubtful ones move you?

What were you doing last night? What the night before?

Oh! what a waste of time! What a state of affairs! The Board knows of this, the principal sees it, and yet this lateness continues. Continues, do I say? Nay, by Jove, it becomes worse and worse. And we, good pupils (?), think that we are doing our duty by the school, if we shut up, and get back our papers almost on time.

Long ago you ought to have been led before the Board of Education. And that outrage which you, for a long time, have been inflicting on us, should have fallen on your own head.



COMPLIMENTS OF

FREEDMAN

KOLODIN

COWAN

NOLAN

MUELLER

ZUSI

TUITE

OLINER

MINTZ

SILBERMAN

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Nat Chimachoff—Dancing pumps.

Adlerstein—A diploma ('nuff said).

Julia Norton—A fresh box of rouge.

Helen Young—A snap shot of the first seat that she occupies so much.

Bessie Schwartz and Zwigard—Step ladders.

Simandl—A book on "How to Become a Villain."

Bob Feldman—The whole stage to himself.

Jeannette Ferry—An engagement pad.

Frances Cauffman—Ask Nolan, he knows.

Margaret Blake—Beethoven's sonatas.

Fuchs—Four sevens.

Regina Berkowitz—Round trip ticket to the Metropolitan.

Helene Englander—A soap box.

Milton Lange—Bunch of shamrocks.

This personal is on Simandl. He's never been "personalized" before.

WANTED—Something funny to do, so the girls will call me clever. —ZUSI.

WANTED—Something to talk about. —EVELN McWHOOD.

NOTICE—Competent dancing master promises to show fellows how to avoid the young lady's petites pedes. —LANGE.

Want Ad. Section

WANTED—Something to do in my leisure time; Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, Fridays—from 9:00 to 3:00. —Axelrod.

FOR SALE—A game of hearts.

—Nolan.



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Mother Goose at South Side

There was a little man
And he had a Latin class;
He asked them many questions
To see if they could pass.
He gave them a test
Without any warning,
And flunked them all soundly
The following morning.

Sing a song of chocolate,
Boxes full of candy,
Four and fifty seniors
Have it when it's handy.
Seniors in the hallways,
Selling every cake,
Nolan in the closet,
Counting what they make.
You cannot avoid them
However much you try;
Along comes a senior,
He grabs you and you buy.

BUREAU OF MISINFORMATION

Dear Editor:

Kindly tell me how I can get on the honor roll every month during my senior year without working?

BERTHA GOODMAN.

Dear Bert:

Do as Esther Farber did. Get a rep. Then live on it.

Dear Editor:

How do Seid and Chet Mueller get 10 in Solid on their card?

EVELYN McWHOOD.

Dear Evelyn:

It seems like an impossibility. Why do you ask, Evelyn?

Dear Editor:

Kindly tell me where Dutch got that crepe de chine handkerchief?

ZWIGGIE.

Dear "Tubby:"

Ask Marion; I suppose she knows.



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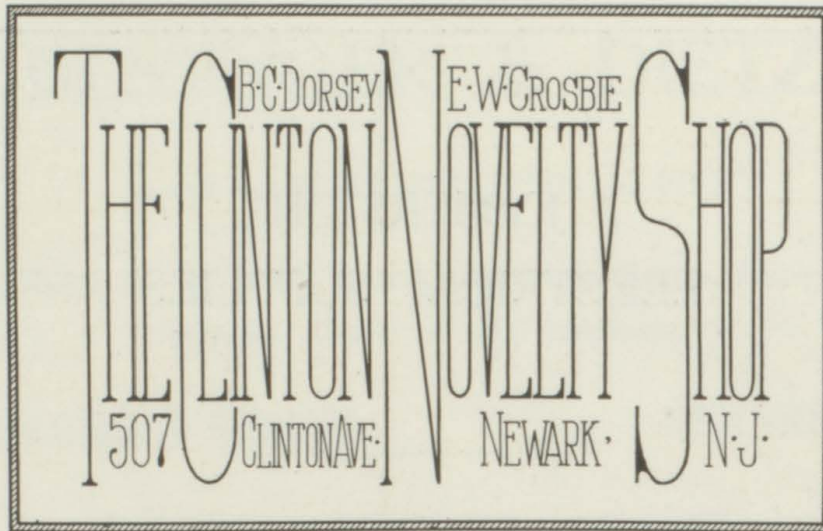
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Dear Ed.:

Why does Miss Nichols say that wherever there is noise I am the center of it?

ISABELLE CHERRY.

Dear Bell:

I'd rather let the school be judge of that. It is too much for me to decide.

Dear Ed.:

Why does Estelle Fischman treat all her friends to the movies at the beginning of each month?

M. LIONEL IGNATZ.

Dear Iggie:

Dues! you know—dues!

Dear Editor:

How can I get a seven or eight in English?

NAOM FREEDMAN.

Dear Naom:

I would suggest swallowing Pancoast.

Dear Ed.:

How can I get cheeks like Julia Norton's?

GUSSIE L.

Dear Gussie:

I would suggest sitting near a fellow like Simandl.

What's in a Name?

Is Helen Young?

What is Edna Wurth?

Has Chim a cough?

Is Jeannette a Fairy?

Does Helen Phillip?

How often does Saul Seid?

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Sidelights of 103 and 215

Adlerstein always loafing; Feldman yelling; "Dutch" Weismuller and Zwigard—"The Lion and the Mouse;" Chimacoff, always looking spiffy; the two "Nats;" Julia Norton's cheeks; Saul Seid, Solid Shark; a good combination, Frank I-an-Nelli; Schmidt trying to keep from smiling; "Jit" Simandl around Julia's seat; Chesack pulling a faint upon receiving his first 6 in four years; Jeannette Ferry—Fair queen of 103.

Emil Mintz, clever kid; Max Freedman, always giggling; Florence Danzis's eyes; Naomi Freedman, always talking; Ottley and Phillips, "Hot Hand" stars; Art Silberman's hair; Cohen and Henig "champion cutters;" Milton Lange's ties; Miss Volk, Vergil shark; Gussie Lomachinsky and Bertha Goodman, kandy kids; Alfred Zusi, throwing erasers; Ida Halprin mushing Estelle Fishman.

Following the line of the least resistance is what makes rivers and men crooked.

Miss Swett: What shall we serve you with, Harry; candied apple, plum, jellies or syrups? Voice in rear: Hot dawg!

Mr. Dull: Miss Cherry, you talk too much. Miss Cherry: "That's alright, but you like to talk to me, just the same—"

Mr. Dull: I do, but I don't get a chance.

Heard in English

Helen Phillips: Goldsmith took to insanity.

Frank Zwigard: George Eliot was the son of a carpenter.

Max Lionel Ignatoff: At the age of 6 Cowper's mother died, thereby leaving him an orphan.

Huberman: She loved him because he didn't love her.

Knew Something, Anyway

Sidney Fuchs: Can you dance, Schmidt?

Schmidt: I know the holds, but not the steps.



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Dutch
Cherry
Wurth
Phillips

A very short-tempered, irritable teacher was rehearsing a play when one of the characters came to a halt at the word "barque."

"B-b-ba—" he stuttered.

The teacher sharply said, "Barque, boy; barque!"

He stared at the teacher with a look of perplexity on his face, and the teacher's temper rose. "Barque, boy; barque!" he roared.

The boy, with a pitiful expression on his face, replied: "Bow-wow, bow-wow!"

An Old One

Huberman: Gotta joke, gotta joke?

Cherry: Sure, me.

B. Schwartz: Aw, that's an old one.

idea new a got I've
verse little a write To
dear my, too one good A
worse much be couldn't It
poem little my read to try Now
same that do can you If
know you nut biggest the of think Just
name my have you'll And

4B—"I surely have some cold."

4A—"You need a doctor."

4B—"No, dear; I need a plumber."



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Heard in "Chem."

Mr. Dull: Heating ordinary steel will cause it to lose its temper.

Belle Cherry: Ferric oxid is used for paint and rouge.

Glick: What's the difference?

Kolodin: What kind of odor has that got?

Polowitz: Terrible, brown odor.

Quite Wet, Eh?

Art Silberman (reciting): He "dipped" into politics and at first got along "swimmingly," but finally "sank into poverty."

Chemistry Cracks.

Rubin—Hydrogen burns with a red-hot, pale blue flame.

Miss Belfatto—When we thrust the glowing charcoal into the oxygen a sizzling sound was formed.

Mr. Dull—The percentage of water in milk may be said to vary with the proximity of the well to the cowshed.

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"Egge" Lange's ties.

Ditto sox.

E. Farber's giggle.

Helene Englander's hair.

Feldman's voice.

F. Danzis's blush.

J. Ferry's superiority.

R. Phillips's "wicked paw."

Oh, tell me, does the setting sun e'er feel a sinking pain? Why is a weathercock so vane? Do stars require a gun to shoot? What makes a bucket pail? What tailor makes the chimney's soot. Who writes the comet's tail?

And why are dogs so lovable however much they whine? Pray tell me what makes the fir tree pine?

Why is a vessel's hind part stern? Who sings an old hen's lay? Please tell me, for I'd like to know, who wears the close of day?

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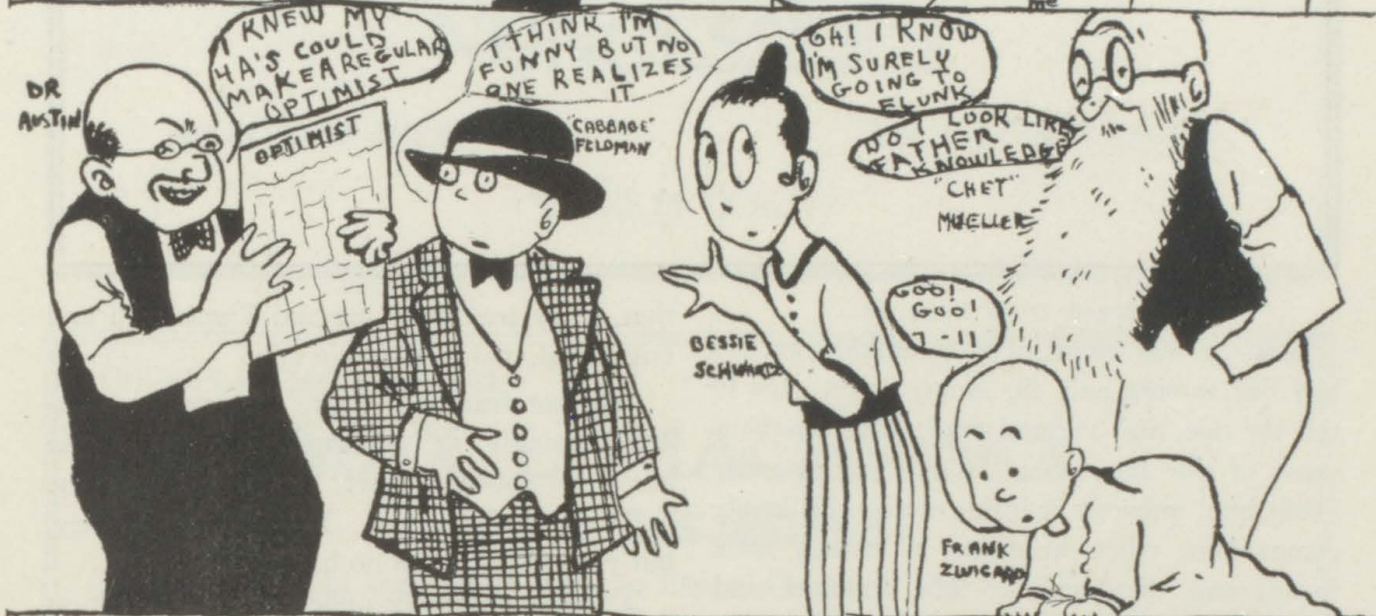
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EACH CALLAHAN

SHEDDING LIGHTS ON SOME 4AS

HELEN BEITMAN





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Continued from Page 14.

Shut-In was alone. The midnight revelers had fled leaving only the empty acorn cups to tell the tale, and a round track worn by thousands of tiny feet. Shut-In was gazing sadly about him, unhappy at losing so soon his lovely companions, when he heard a piteous little moan, and then a sob. He searched and searched, but found no one until lifting up a large mullin leaf he found the loveliest creature in the world! It was little lady fairy, one of the dancers. There she lay upon a wisp of milkweed down, shivering and crying in the cool air of the dawn, her golden curls streaming over her white neck and down upon the breast of her gown of purple, pansy velvet, which fitted her slender figure like the skin of a peach, and as Shut-In bent over her she lifted her blue tear-filled eyes to his. "Has someone come at last? I cannot fly, for I have lost the pollen from my wings in the flurry of the dance and as the sun's rays came stealing in I tried to flee with the rest. I fell, happily upon this down, and then a naughty breeze blew

that heavy leaf upon me and I was cold and frightened, and I could not stir."

"Do not fear, lady dear," murmured Shut-In, soothingly, as he wrapped her warmly in her silver cobweb shawl, "I will go fetch the pollen for your wings. It is a long journey, but you will come to no harm."

Trembling happily under the delightfulness of his task, he darted away to the outposts of Flower Land to catch the Evening Breeze. He waited and waited resting in the ivory chalice of a lily till the messenger came. As the first beam of the moon silvered the fragrant white walls of his resting place, Shut-In teetered on the edge of a petal, and as the Evening Breeze rushed by Shut-In jumped upon his back, and was borne to the home of the moon to gather the magic pollen dust that is in the keeping of the man up there who watches over and cares for the tiny folk of fairy-land. And when the Breeze refused to carry him further. Shut-In flew on and on by himself upon his errand of mercy, and as he soared higher and higher



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the music of the stars enveloped him with all their glory and gladness and the rays of the moon beamed kindly upon him and the dark earth so far away smiled kindly up at him, and Shut-In became free, free, free—his whole body and soul became condensed into one flaming, soaring blaze of light, as he went on and on to the home of the moon.

Far, far away from Green Country the moon shone into a bare starved, little room, and the silvery light rested like a benediction upon the curls of a little Shut-In, whose soul had found freedom at last.

Nat
Iggle
Chet
Chink K
Dirty Neck
HArp
SaMmy
Egg
ESty

One of the home room teachers upon receiving a model schedule card, sent it back with this reply: "John Smith is not in my room."

Giddap!

We would like to suggest the formation of a cavalry troop among the Latin students. Ask your Latin teacher for particulars.

And Nothing Else.

One Bee: "Gee, I think I've a cold or something in my head."

One A: "It must be a cold."

How True!

Teacher (in Economics): They say corporations have no souls.

Stude: What about the shoe trust?

Griff: Aw, I don't know my lesson.

Malkin: Couldn't you put up a bluff?

Griff: No, I haven't the sand.



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Continued from Page 15.

the victims, were soon set free, and told their story to their excited rescuers. They had been driving slowly along the road, which was in bad condition at the time, when the masked highwayman had appeared and halted them. Covered by a pistol in his hands, his confederate, the counterfeit camera man, had bound and gagged them. Then the search and subsequent rescue followed. Upon examination the camera proved to be a fake, used as a dupe in case other automobiles happened to pass. Only the excited action of Jim had saved them from robbery. The two men had successfully worked this ingenious trick in other sections of the country where the filming of motion pictures was common, and only an accident had prevented their success in this case.

Of course, Jim and Alice forgot their quarrel completely in the strange coincidence, and before starting again on their trip homeward Alice and her father spent a few happy days (for Jim at least), under the hospitable roof of the Chase's.

After spending two weeks chasing adds we divide the population of Newark and suburbs into two parts:

- (a)—Those who advertise.
- (b)—Those who do not advertise.

Kees (translating Virgil)—Dido was alluring, attractive and beautiful.

Mr. Parsons—Why not call her a vamp and be done with it?

Bribery ? ! !

Scene—208.

Plot—Art Silberman desiring a seat that a won-bee, 3 feet 1, is occupying.

Action—Art Silberman (holding a penny in his hand)—Little one, I will give you this if you will vacate that seat.

Won-bee (as he eagerly pockets the copper and gives up the seat)—Sure take it.

Watch Your Grammar.

Merkin: How is your new suit?

Hess: Oh, it's ripping.



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SOUTH SIDE LAST,
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DICK KELLER,
PHIL COBB
CHET GRANT

COMPLIMENTS
OF

A. ZIMMERMAN

Continued from Page 19.

The object of this club, however, is not merely to present plays, but also to read and learn how to appreciate good drama.

"What dirty hands you have, Johnny!" said the teacher. "What would you say if I came to school that way?"

"I wouldn't say nothin'," replied Johnny, "I'd be too polite."—The Torch.

Mother—"When he proposed, did you tell him to see me?"

Peggy—"Yes, but he said he'd seen you several times, but that he loves me just the same."—Stray Stories.

Kid—"Pop, gimme a nickel."

Pa—"Don't you think you're too old to beg for nickels?"

Boy (thinking a moment)—"That's so, pop, gimme a dime."—The Torch.

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22 TREAT PLACE, NEWARK, N. J.

Mrs. Brown—How is your son getting along at school?

Mrs. Green—Splendidly, only I think his studies are interfering with his play.

Teacher—What is a lyre, and give examples.

Howley—It's an instrument that the Greeks used; it is still used, but now it is in the form of a mouth-organ.

Dismal Student—Miss Schenck, why did I flunk my test?

Miss Schenck—O, why will people persist in asking questions that only they themselves can answer?

Dismal Student—O, that's why I flunked my test.

Blumenfeld (looking at a book thru whose cover a hole had been cut)—There's a hole thru my book.

Teacher—That's good. Maybe you can see thru it now.

Teacher—Cohn, you certainly are slow. Aren't you quick at anything?

Voice from the rear: Sure, nobody can get tired of work as quickly as he can.

First Freshie (speaking of a favorite teacher)—Mr. — is getting bald. You can't tell where his face begins.

Second Freshie—Yeh! He ought to read hair-raising stories.

We'll Say So.

Fresh—What are the Alumni, anyway?

Soph—Why, they're just like the Civil War veterans; went thru four years and lived to tell the tale.

Little Elmer—Uncle Bob, what makes you walk so lame?

Uncle Bob—There was a street car accident, and I was caught in the jam.

Little Elmer—Well, I know what that is. Ma caught me in the jam and I walked lame for a week.—Ex.



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NAT LEVY, 109 MARKET ST.

Brainy!

1st Stude—I have nothing first period.

2nd Stude—Oh, you have so! You have study.

NOBODY HOME

Two students are looking out of the window.

1st Student: “Look at the handcar going along the railroad tracks.”

2d Student (dreamily): “Oh, yes! I wonder if they make it go by machinery?”

Two 3-B English students were trying to show their knowledge of literature. The first one was sure he was the brighter, so he asked, “What literary age is this?”

“Present,” replied the other as he walked away.

Teacher—What is the difference between walking and running?

1B—I don't know.

Teacher—Walking is when you have one foot on the ground and running is when you haven't any feet on the ground.

2B—What is the name of the last bell?

3B—I don't know.

2B—Liberty bell.

Horses.

A “horse” a day keeps the zero's away.

Wilson: An apple a day keeps the doctor away.

Davidson: Yea! And an onion a day keeps everybody away.

Those Insulting Teachers.

Teacher (to fem. 1B): You've got considerable grey matter.

Won Bee: The idea, I'm not at all old!

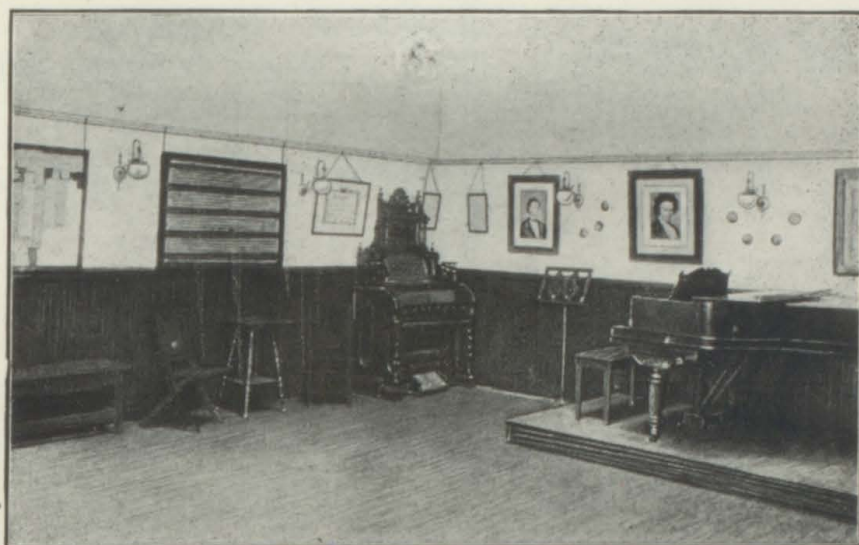


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With Apologies to Coleridge.

Water, water, everywhere
And even the boards did thirst.
Water, water everywhere,
Since June the thirty-first.

"Do you know that I feel like thirty cents?"
said Jack to Ethel.

Then Ethel sweetly smiled and said: "Well,
well! everything seems to have gone up since
the war."

History Teacher: Do you know Lincoln's
Gettysburg address?

Schechner: No, I thought he lived at the
White House.

Keppler's latest definition: A farce is a
comedy without any meaning.

Teacher—Don't you know that punctua-
tion means that you must pause?

Willie—'Course I do. An auto driver punc-
tuated his tire in front of our house Sunday
and he paused for half an hour.

Farmer—You young rascal, what are you
doing up in my apple tree?

Boy—Please, sir, I'm frightening away
the birds; they're such awful thieves, you
know.

College Freshie: Do you believe a college
education helps a boy along in business life?

Mr. Wiseacre: Sure I do. My son was a
champion sprinter at college and now he has
a position as a bank runner.

He—Most girls I have found don't appre-
ciate real music.

Second He—Why do you say that?

He—Well, you may pick beautiful strains
on a mandolin for an hour and she won't even
look out of the window, but just one toot of
the automobile horn and out she comes!



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